T H E S I L E N C E O F T H E L A M B S

screenplay by

TED TALLY

based on the novel by

THOMAS HARRIS

2nd Draft
July 28, 1989

NOTE

For legal reasons, the names of three of Tom Harris's characters have had to be changed. It is my hope, and certainly Tom's, that the original names can be restored in time for the making of this movie.

For the purposes of this draft, however, Jack Crawford has become "Ray Campbell," Frederick Chilton has become "Herbert Prentiss," and Dr. Hannibal Lecter is called "Dr. Gideon Quinn."

FADE IN:

INT. GRUBBY HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

A woman's face BACKS INTO SHOT, her head resting against grimy wallpaper. She is tense, sweaty, wide-eyed with concentration. This is CLARICE STARLING - mid-20's, trim, very pretty. She wears Kevlar body armor over a navy windbreaker, khaki pants. Her thick hair is piled under a navy baseball cap. A revolver, clutched in her right hand, hovers by her ear. She raises a speedloader, in her left hand, locks it into her cylinder, twists and reloads.

CLOSE ON

a guest room door, with a small, wired pack attached to its knob. Suddenly, with a sharp CRACK!, the knob explodes, and the door bursts open.

WITH CLARICE - MOVING SHOT -

as she runs around a corner, through a cloud of smoke. She shoulders aside the shattered door and rushes inside, gun at the ready in both hands...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

CLARICE'S POV - MOVING - as she first sees, sitting on the edge of a bed - a FEMALE HOSTAGE. Black, late 20's, gagged, hands behind her back. Then, SWIVELLING... she sees a startled MALE SUSPECT - white, mid-20's - standing by a window with a rifle in his hands. He is turning towards her...

CLARICE

drops into a combat crouch, gun extended, and shouts.

CLARICE
Freeze! FBI!

CLARICE'S POV - SLOW MOTION -

all natural SOUND suspended - as the Suspect faces her with a strange, pleading expression. The rifle is rising in his hands, but oddly enough, it is held across his chest, not pointing. Then another puzzling detail registers...

THE SUSPECT'S HANDS

are taped to his gun, away from the trigger; he couldn't use it even if he tried. Suddenly we hear a metallic CLICK, which registers with unnatural amplification, as -

CLARICE

reacts, drops to the floor, rolling sideways, and -

THE "HOSTAGE"

pulls a revolver out from behind her back, still in SLOW MOTION, raising it in her untied hands. She fires repeatedly, flames leaping from the muzzle; the SOUND is an echoing roar in these close quarters, but -

CLARICE

has come up on one knee, beside an armchair, and is already firing back herself, two quick SHOTS, which send -

THE "HOSTAGE"

pitching over the bed, backwards, to shudder and lie still in a haze of gunsmoke. Clarice rushes to her, clamping one knee down on her gun hand, still keeping her covered in case of movement. HOLD for a few beats... then we hear the shrill blast of a WHISTLE from somewhere, O.S., as normal ACTION and SOUND are restored.

BRIGHAM (O.S.)
Okay, people, good exercise...

Clarice relaxes, lowering her gun. The lights brighten.

PULLING BACK -

we see that we're in some sort of auditorium, with the "hotel room" and its "corridor" built as a training set. JOHN BRIGHAM walks onto this set, thumbing a stopwatch. Mid-40's, ex-Marine. His T-shirt's lettering says "Firearms Instructor / FBI Academy."

BRIGHAM (contd.)
Starling's reaction time was excellent.
Let's break. Critique in five.

A class of about forty young FBI trainees, of both sexes, begins to rise from their seats, mingling and chatting.

CLARICE

nods amiably to the "Suspect", then gives the "Hostage" a hand up. It's ARDELIA MAPP, her roommate. Her broad, clever face breaks into a big smile, as they both remove ear plugs. Clarice's voice has just a soft trace of southern accent.

ARDELIA
Damn, Clarice, how'd you make me?

CLARICE
(indicating her gun)
Never cock. Just squeeze.

ARDELIA
(grins)
I love it when you talk dirty.

As Brigham joins them, Clarice can't resist a star pupil's little smile of pride. He frowns good-naturedly.

BRIGHAM
What're you laughin' at, Junior G-Man?
She got off four rounds to your two.

He takes out a steel-coiled grip flexer, drops it onto her palm.

BRIGHAM (contd.)
One hundred reps, each hand, every day.
Now tidy up, the Section Chief wants to
see you.

He nods a direction, then moves off. Clarice, with her smile finally fading, looks out into the auditorium.

SPECIAL AGENT RAY CAMPBELL

sits on the top step of the aisle, looking down at her. He is 53, strongly built. He rises impassively, exits through the back door. He carries a thick manila envelope under one arm.

ARDELIA

who is helping Clarice unbuckle her bullet-proof vest, follows her worried gaze.

CLARICE
What'd I do?

ARDELIA
Stay cool. Just remember to call
him "God."

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI ACADEMY GROUNDS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - DAY

Campbell is watching a group of trainees on the firing range, as Clarice joins him. He looks tired, haunted. Between master and student, we sense a subtle, muted tug of sexuality.

CAMPBELL
Starling, Clarice M., good morning.

CLARICE
Good morning, Mr. Campbell.

CAMPBELL
Your instructors tell me you're doing well. Top quarter of the class.

CLARICE
I hope so. They haven't posted anything.

CAMPBELL
A job's come up and I thought about you. Not really a job, more of - an interesting errand. Walk me to my car, Starling.

They begin to cross the academy grounds. A group of trainees jogs by, in matching sweats, following a p.e. coach.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
We're trying to interview all of the serial killers now in custody, for a psychobehavioral profile. Could be a big help in unsolved cases. Most of them have been happy to talk to us. They have a compulsion to boast, these people... Do you spook easily, Starling?

CLARICE
Not yet.

CAMPBELL
You see, the one we want most refuses to cooperate. I want you to go after him again today, in the asylum.

CLARICE
Who's the subject?

CAMPBELL
The psychiatrist - Dr. Gideon Quinn.

Clarice stops walking, goes very still. A beat.

CLARICE
The cannibal...

Campbell doesn't respond, except to study her face.

CLARICE (contd.)
Yes, well... Okay, right. I'm glad for the chance, sir, but - why me?

CAMPBELL
You're qualified and available. And frankly, I can't spare a real agent right now.

He walks on again, at a faster clip. She hurries to keep up.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
I don't expect him to talk to you, but I have to be able to say we tried... Quinn was a brilliant psychiatrist, and he knows all the dodges.
(Hands her the manila envelope)
Dossier on him, copy of our questionnaire, special ID for you... If he won't talk, then I want straight reporting. How's he look, how's his cell look, what's he writing? The Director himself will see your report, over your own signature - if I decide it's good enough. I want that by 0800 Wednesday, and keep this to yourself.

They've reached his car. His driver stamps on a cigarette, climbs in behind the wheel. BURROUGHS, his assistant, says something into a walkie-talkie, then opens the back door. But Campbell pulls her aside, a hand on her shoulder. His intensity is scary.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
Now. I want your full attention, Starling. Are you listening to me?

CLARICE
Yes sir.

CAMPBELL
Be very careful with Gideon Quinn. Dr. Prentiss at the asylum will go over the physical procedures used with him. Do not deviate from them, for any reason. You tell him nothing personal, Starling. Believe me, you don't want Gideon Quinn inside your head... Just do your job, but never forget what he is.

CLARICE
(a bit unnerved)
And what is that, sir?

PRENTISS (V.O.)
Oh, he's a monster. A pure psychopath...

CUT TO:

INT. PRENTISS'S OFFICE - BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

CLOSE ON an I.D. card held in a male hand. Clarice's photo, official-looking graphics. It calls her a "Federal Investigator."

PRENTISS (contd., O.S.)
It´s so rare to capture one alive. From a research point of view, Dr. Quinn is our most prized asset...

DR. HERBERT PRENTISS

looks up from her card. A smarmy little peacock, behind a vast desk; he´s conceived an instant, hopeless letch for Clarice. He smiles, stroking her card with his beloved gold pen.

PRENTISS (contd.)
You know, we get a lot of detectives here, but I must say, I can´t ever remember one so attractive...

NEW ANGLE - REVEALS CLARICE -

now wearing a more feminine skirt suit. Hair neatly coiled, elegant shoulder bag, briefcase. He has rudely left her standing.

PRENTISS (contd.)
Will you be in Baltimore overnight...? Because this can be quite a fun town, if you have the right guide.

Clarice tries, unsuccessfully, to hide her distaste for him.

CLARICE
I´m sure it´s a great town, Dr. Prentiss, but my instructions are to talk to Quinn and report back this afternoon.

PRENTISS
(pause; sourly)
I see.
(beat)
Let´s make this quick, then. I´m busy.

CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Clarice flinches as a heavy steel gate CLANGS shut behind her, the bolt shooting home. Prentiss walks ahead of her.

PRENTISS
Quinn carved up nine people - that we´re sure of - and cooked his favorite bits. We´ve tried to study him, of course - but he´s much too sophisticated for the standard tests. And my, does he hate us! Thinks I´m his nemesis... Campbell´s very clever, isn´t he? Using you.

CLARICE
How do you mean, Dr. Prentiss?

PRENTISS
A pretty young woman, to turn him on? I don't believe Quinn's even seen a woman in eight years. And oh, are you ever his "taste" - so to speak.

CLARICE
I graduated magna from UVA, Doctor. It's not a charm school.

PRENTISS
Good. Then you should be able to remember the rules.

CUT TO:

INT. DIFFERENT CORRIDOR - LOWER FLOOR - DAY

A darker, even grimmer area. Heavy grids over the lights. Distant *SLAMMINGS* and faint, hoarse *SHOUTS*. They walk briskly.

PRENTISS
Do not reach through the bars, do not touch the bars. You pass him nothing but soft paper - no pens or pencils. No staples or paperclips in his paper. Use the sliding food carrier, no exceptions. Do not accept anything he attempts to hold out to you. Do you understand me?

CLARICE
I understand.

PRENTISS
I'm going to show you why we insist on such precautions... On the afternoon of July 8, 1981, he complained of chest pains and was taken to the dispensary. His mouthpiece and restraints were removed for an EKG. When the nurse bent over him, he did this to her...

He hands Clarice a small, dog-eared photo. Looking at it, she is stopped in her tracks. This pleases Prentiss.

PRENTISS (contd.)
The doctors managed to re-set her jaw, more or less, and save one of her eyes. His pulse never got over eighty-five, even when he ate her tongue.
(pause; he smiles)
I keep him in here.

He turns, pushes a button. A steel door BUZZES slowly open, and BARNEY - a big, impassive orderly - awaits them in an anteroom. On its walls: restraints, mouthpieces, Mace, tranquilizer guns.

CLARICE
(quickly blocking him)
Dr. Prentiss - if Quinn feels you're his enemy - as you've said - then maybe I'll have more luck by myself. What do you think?

PRENTISS
(annoyed)
You might have suggested that in my office, and saved me the time.

CLARICE
But then I would've missed the pleasure of your company.

She holds out the photo. A beat. He grabs it, jaw twitching.

PRENTISS
When she's finished, bring her out.

He turns on his heel, goes. Barney smiles reassuringly.

BARNEY
Hi, I'm Barney. He told you, don't get near the bars?

CLARICE
(shaking his hand)
Clarice Starling. Yes, he did.

BARNEY
Okay. Past the others, it's the last cell. Stay to the middle. I put out a chair for you.

Sensing her tension, he indicates a nearby security monitor.

BARNEY (contd.)
I'm watching. You'll do fine.

Clarice nods gratefully. She looks down the long corridor, takes a deep breath, walks into it. He watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. QUINN'S CORRIDOR - DAY

MOVING SHOT - with Clarice, as her footsteps ECHO. High to her right, surveillance cameras. On her left, cells. Some are padded, with narrow observation slits, others are normal, barred...

Shadowy occupants pacing, MUTTERING... Suddenly a dark figure in the next-to-last cell hurtles towards her, his face mashing grotesquely against his bars as he hisses.

DARK FIGURE
I c-can sssmell your cunt!

Clarice flinches momentarily, but then walks on.

DR. QUINN'S CELL

is coming slowly INTO VIEW... Behind its barred front wall is a second barrier of stout nylon net... Sparse, bolted-down furniture, many softcover books and papers. On the walls, extraordinarily detailed, skillful drawings, mostly European cityscapes, in charcoal or crayon.

CLARICE

stops, at a polite distance from his bars, clears her throat.

CLARICE
Dr. Quinn... My name is Clarice Starling. May I talk with you?

DR. GIDEON QUINN

is lounging on his bunk, in white pajamas, reading an Italian Vogue. He turns, considers her... A face so long out of the sun, it seems almost leached - except for the glittering eyes, and the wet red mouth. He rises smoothly, crossing to stand before her: the gracious host. His voice is cultured, soft.

DR. QUINN
Good morning.

CUTTING BETWEEN THEM

as Clarice comes a measured distance closer.

CLARICE
Doctor, we have a hard problem in psychological profiling. I want to ask for your help with a questionnaire.

DR. QUINN
"We" being the Behavioral Science Unit, at Quantico. You're one of Ray Campbell's, I expect.

CLARICE
I am, yes.

DR. QUINN
May I see your credentials?

Clarice is surprised, but fishes her ID card from her bag, holds it up for his inspection. He smiles, soothingly.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
Closer, please... clo-ser...

She complies each time, trying to hide her fear. Dr. Quinn's nostrils lift, as he gently, like an animal, tests the air. Then he smiles, glancing at her card.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
That expires in one week. You're not real FBI, are you?

CLARICE
I'm - still in training at the Academy.

DR. QUINN
Ray Campbell sent a trainee to me?

CLARICE
We're talking about psychology, Doctor, not the Bureau. Can you decide for yourself whether or not I'm qualified?

DR. QUINN
Mmmmm... That's rather slippery of you, Officer Starling. Sit. Please.

She sits in the folding metal desk-chair. He waits politely till she's settled, then sits down himself, faces her happily.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
Now then. What did Miggs say to you?
(She is puzzled)
"Multiple Miggs," in the next cell. He hissed at you. What did he say?

CLARICE
He said - "I can smell your cunt."

DR. QUINN
I see. I myself cannot. You use Evyan skin cream, and sometimes you wear L'Air du Temps, but not today. You brought your best bag, though, didn't you?

CLARICE
(beat)
Yes.

DR. QUINN
It's much better than your shoes.

CLARICE
Maybe they'll catch up.

DR. QUINN
I have no doubt of it.

CLARICE
(shifting uncomfortably)
Did you do those drawings, Doctor?

DR. QUINN
Yes. That's the Duomo, seen from the Belvedere. Do you know Florence?

CLARICE
All that detail, just from memory...?

DR. QUINN
Memory, Officer Starling, is what I have instead of a view.

A pause, then Clarice takes the questionnaire from her case.

CLARICE
Dr. Quinn, if you'd please consider -

DR. QUINN
No, no, no. You were doing fine, you'd been courteous and receptive to courtesy, you'd established trust with the embarrassing truth about Miggs, and now this ham-handed segue into your questionnaire. It won't do. It's stupid and boring.

CLARICE
I'm only asking you to look at this, Doctor. Either you will or you won't.

DR. QUINN
Ray Campbell must be very busy indeed if he's recruiting help from the student body. Busy hunting that new one, Buffalo Bill.. Such a naughty boy! Did Campbell send you to ask for my advice on him?

CLARICE
No, I came because we need -

DR. QUINN
How many women has he used, our Bill?

CLARICE
Five... so far.

DR. QUINN
All flayed...?

CLARICE
Partially, yes. But Doctor, that's an active case, I'm not involved. If you could -

DR. QUINN
Do you know why he's called Buffalo Bill? Tell me. The newspapers won't say.

CLARICE
I'll tell you if you'll look at this form.
(He considers, then nods)
It started as a bad joke in Kansas City Homicide. They said... this one likes to skin his humps.

DR. QUINN
Witless and misleading. Why do you think he takes their skins, Officer Starling? Thrill me with your wisdom.

CLARICE
It excites him. Most serial killers keep some sort of - trophies.

DR. QUINN
I didn't.

CLARICE
No. You ate yours.

A tense beat, then a smile from him, at this small boldness.

DR. QUINN
Send that through.

She rolls him the questionnaire, in his sliding food tray. He rises, glances at it, turning a page or two disdainfully.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
Oh, Officer Starling... do you think you can dissect me with this blunt little tool?

CLARICE
No. I only hoped that your knowledge -

Suddenly he whips the tray back at her, with a metallic CLANG that makes her start. His voice remains a pleasant purr.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
You're sooo ambitious, aren't you...? You know what you look like to me, with your good bag and your cheap shoes? You look like a rube. A well-scrubbed, hustling rube with a little taste... Good nutrition has given you some length of bone, but you're not more than one generation from poor white trash, are you - Officer Starling...? That accent you're trying so desperately to shed - pure West Virginia. What was your father, dear? Was he a coal miner? Did he stink of the lamp...? And oh, how quickly the boys found you! All those tedious, sticky fumblings, in the back seats of cars, while you could only dream of getting out. Getting anywhere - yes? Getting all the way - to the F...B...I.

His every word has struck her like a tiny, precise dart. But she squares her jaw and won't give ground.

CLARICE
You see a lot, Dr. Quinn. But are you strong enough to point that high-powered perception at yourself? How about it...? Look at yourself and write down the truth.
(She slams the tray back at him)
Or maybe you're afraid to.

DR. QUINN
You're a tough one, aren't you?

CLARICE
Reasonably so. Yes.

DR. QUINN
And you'd hate to think you were common. My, wouldn't that sting! Well you're far from common, Officer Starling. All you have is the fear of it.
(beat)
Now please excuse me. Good day.

CLARICE
And the questionnaire...?

DR. QUINN
A census taker once tried to test me. I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice chianti... Fly back to school, little Starling.

He steps backwards, then returns to his cot, becoming as still and remote as a statue. Frustrated, Clarice hesitates, then finally shoulders her bag and goes, leaving the questionnaire in his tray. But after just a few steps, as she passes -

MIGG'S CELL -

she sees that creature at his bars again, hissing at her.

MIGGS
I b-bit my wrist so I c-can diiiieeee!
S-see how it bleeeeeeeds?

The dark figure suddenly flings his palm towards her, and -

CLARICE

is spattered on the face and neck - not with blood, but with pale droplets of semen. She gives a little cry, touching her fingers to the wetness. Stunned, near tears, she forces herself to straighten up and walk on, fumbling for a tissue. From behind her, Dr. Quinn calls out, very agitated.

DR. QUINN (O.S.)
Officer Starling... Officer Starling!

Clarice slows, stops. She shudders, but makes the very difficult choice to turn, walk back, stand again in front of -

DR. QUINN -

who's shivering with rage. For an instant his face opens, and we catch a glimpse into hell itself. Then he's composed again.

DR. QUINN
I would not have had that happen to you.
Discourtesy is - unspeakably ugly to me.

CLARICE
Then please - do this test for me.

DR. QUINN
No. But I will make you happy... I'll give you a chance for what you love most, Clarice Starling.

CLARICE
What's that, Dr. Quinn?

DR. QUINN
Advancement, of course.
(beat)
Go to Split City. See Miss Mofet, an old patient of mine. M-O-F-E-T...

DR. QUINN (contd.)
Now go. Go.
(a smile)
I don't think Miggs could manage again so soon, even if he is crazy - do you?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The grim gothic pile of the asylum looms overhead as Clarice rushes out the front doors. She is badly shaken, almost stumbling, as she rubs at her face. She looks around for, and finally, with some relief, spots -

HER CAR

an old Pinto, parked nearby. This image begins to BLUR...

CLOSE ON

her face, fighting tears, as the CAMERA begins to WHIRL AROUND her, almost dizzily. She is seeing, in her mind's eye -

IN FLASHBACK

A screen door banging open, on a wooden porch, and a 10-year old girl - the young Clarice - rushing outside, down the front steps, and running joyfully across her front yard to -

MOVING ANGLE - THE GIRL'S POV -

A car - late 60's vintage - parked in the dirt road. A MAN, Clarice's father, is just climbing out. He's tall, handsome, and has a marshal's badge pinned on his dark suit. He grins, seeing her, and spreads his arms wide as

THE YOUNG CLARICE

rushes into them, and he sweeps her up in a hug, spinning her around, the CAMERA SPINNING with them, and capturing both their laughing faces, before we abruptly return to -

THE ADULT CLARICE

alone in the parking lot, sagging against her car. Her face is buried in her arms, her shoulders shaking. SOUND UPCUT - a steady, rapid series of GUNSHOTS, as we

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY FIRING RANGE - DAY

Clarice, in a combat stance, and wearing a sound-muffling

headset, is squeezing off ROUND after ROUND at

A MOVING TARGET -

the sillouette of a man, approaching along a track. Her shots, tightly grouped, are all finding the center chest. The target stops, quite close to her, still swaying.

CLARICE

stares at it, deftly working her speedloader. Then she puts a final, emphatic shot right through

THE FIGURE'S FOREHEAD

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY LIBRARY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a microfilm monitor - a grainy newsphoto of Dr. Quinn, scrawling past, with an accompanying story ("New Horrors in Cannibal Trial"), dated 1980.

CLARICE

is punching keys on the terminal. Other trainees study at nearby tables. She pauses, jotting a note on her pad, as Ardelia comes by, carrying an armful of books.

ARDELIA
Phone call, Clarice. It's God.

CLARICE
Thanks, Ardelia.

MOVING ANGLE

as Clarice rises, grabbing her notebook, and follows Ardelia past high metal bookstacks.

ARDELIA
You missed Fourth Amendment law.
Unlawful seizure, real juicy stuff.
Where were you all afternoon?

CLARICE
Pleading with a crazy man, with come all over my face.

Ardelia stares at her, figures it's a put-on, laughs.

ARDELIA
Damn. Wish I had time for a social life.

Clarice grins, as Ardelia indicates a phone receiver resting on the check-out desk, then moves on. Clarice picks it up.

CLARICE
(on phone)
Mr. Campbell?

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPBELL'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Campbell, in a cardigan, sits in a wing chair in the book-lined study of his suburban home. He turns the pages of Clarice's memo as they talk. His tone is sharp.

CAMPBELL
I've read your interim memo on Quinn. You sure you've left nothing out?

INTERCUTTING -

STARLING
It's all there, sir, practically verbatim.

CAMPBELL
Every word, Starling? Every gesture?

STARLING
(a bit heatedly)
Right down to the kleenex I used.
(He is silent)
Sir, why? Is something wrong?

CAMPBELL
He mentioned a name, at the very end. "Mofet..." Any followup on her?

STARLING
I spent all evening on the mainframe. Quinn altered or destroyed most of his patient histories, prior to capture. No record of anyone named Mofet. But "Split City" sounded like it might have have something to do with divorce. I tracked it down in the library's catalogue of national yellow pages.
(glancing at her notes)
It's a mini-storage facility outside Baltimore, where Quinn had his practice.

She pauses, expecting some sort of approval for her cleverness.

CAMPBELL
Well? Why aren't you there right now?

STARLING
Sir, that's a field job. It's outside the scope of my assignment. And I've got a test tomorrow on -

CAMPBELL
Do you recall my instructions to you, Starling? What were they?

STARLING
To complete and file my report by 0800 Wednesday. But sir -

CAMPBELL
Then do that, Starling. Do just exactly that.

STARLING
Sir, what is it? There's something you're not telling me.

CAMPBELL
(beat)
Miggs has been murdered.

STARLING
(startled, upset)
Murdered...? How?

CAMPBELL
The orderly heard Quinn whispering to him, all afternoon, and Miggs crying. They found him at bed check. He'd swallowed his own tongue... Prentiss is scared stiff the family will file a civil rights lawsuit, and he's trying to blame it on you. I told the little prick your conduct was flawless.
(beat)
Starling...?

STARLING
I'm here, sir, I just - I don't know how to feel about it.

CAMPBELL
You don't have to feel any way about it. Quinn did it to amuse himself. Why not, what can they do? Take away his books for awhile, and no jello...

CAMPBELL (contd.)
(a bit softer)
I know it got ugly today. But this is your report, Starling - take it as far as you can. On your own time, outside of class. Now carry on.

ANGLE ON CLARICE -

as we hear the loud CLICK of Campbell hanging up. She stares at her receiver, stung by his abruptness.

CLARICE
Well God damn it! You old creep. Creepo son of a bitch. Let Miggs squirt you and see how you like it.

She slams her receiver into its cradle.

ANGLE ON CAMPBELL -

as he flips aside her memo, then rises, wearily. He leaves his study, flicking off the lamp, and pads away in his slippers.

CUT TO:

SOUND UPCUT -

THUNDER and RAIN...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "SPLIT CITY MINI-STORAGE" - DUSK (RAINING)

An orange neon sign, streaked with rain, identifies our location. It looms over a hurricane fence, topped with barbed wire. Inside, row on row of garage-sized, cinderblock sheds.

MR. YOW (V.O.)
Unit 31 was leased for ten years. Pre-paid in full... The contract is in the name of a "Miss Hester Mofet."

CUT TO:

EXT. STORAGE UNIT NUMBER 31 - DUSK

Clarice, kneeling before a closed, roll-up metal door, takes a *FLASH* photo of its sealed padlock. EVERETT YOW, a fat, 60ish Chinaman, holds an umbrella over them both. He looks unhappy.

CLARICE
So no one's been in here since - 1980?

She opens the padlock, using a fat ring of tagged keys, then sets aside both keys and lock.

MR. YOW
Not to my knowledge. Privacy is a great concern to my customers. But, if you say this is an FBI matter...

CLARICE
I won't disturb anything, Mr. Yow, I promise. Be gone before you know it.

Slinging her camera over a shoulder, she tugs at the handle, but the door won't budge. Another tug, harder - no good. Mr. Yow stoops to help, puffing hard, but it's firmly stuck. He sighs.

MR. YOW
We could return tomorrow, with my son. Or perhaps some workmen...?

Clarice crosses to her Pinto, which faces the shed, reaches in to turn on her headlights. Mr. Yow blinks in the sudden *brightness*. Then she opens her trunk, rummaging inside, and returns with a bumper jack, a flashlight, and a rubber floor mat.

CLARICE
Would you hold these, please?

She gives him her flashlight and camera, drops the mat on the ground, then sets the bumper jack in place, under the center of the door. She pumps on the jack handle as the door *SQUEALS* slowly up, but it won't go higher than about 18 inches, despite all her exertions. She spreads out the rubber mat on the cement, takes the flashlight from Mr. Yow, then lies on the mat.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STORAGE SHED - DUSK (VERY DARK)

Clarice, backlit, peers under the door. She reaches in, makes a sweep with her flashlight. We catch shadowy outlines - boxes, then the flattened tires of a car... SOUND of rain on the tin roof, and other noises, too - small RUSTLINGS. Mr. Yow's chubby face appears down beside Clarice's.

MR. YOW
It smells like mice... I think I hear them, too - don't you?

Clarice turns onto her back, starts squirming under the door.

MR. YOW (contd.)
You're going in there?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STORAGE UNIT NUMBER 31 - DUSK

Clarice pulls her head back out again, reaching to take her camera from him. She hands him a card, trying to appear nonchalant.

CLARICE
Mr. Yow, if this door should fall down - ha ha! - or anything else - would you be kind enough to call this number? It's our Baltimore field office. They know you're here with me... Do you understand?

MR. YOW
Might I suggest tucking your pants into your socks? To prevent mouse intrusion.

CLARICE
(beat)
Good idea.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STORAGE SHED - DUSK (VERY DARK)

Clarice squirms, on her back, through the narrow opening. As she squeezes all the way in, she snags one thigh on the metal edge of the door. She curses softly, shining her flashlight on her ripped khakis - there's a small streak of blood.

MR. YOW (O.S.)
Okay, Miss Starling?

CLARICE
Okay, Mr. Yow...

She shines her light around. In its narrow beam, we see -

CLARICE´S POV - UPWARD, SHIFTING -

Spiderwebs, everywhere... high stacks of cardboard boxes... a few dusty pieces of furniture... the big car, oddly long and tall, covered with a tarp... Suddenly there´s a scurrying of loud MUSICAL NOTES. Clarice turns, scared, her beam capturing... an old upright piano.

MR. YOW (O.S.)
You´re playing a piano, Miss Starling?

CLARICE
That wasn´t me.

MR. YOW (O.S.)
Oh.

CLARICE

crawls a bit further. There´s hardly room to stand, but she finally manages to wriggle upright, clawing away cobwebs, next to the car. Holding her light under one arm, she takes several FLASH photos of the shed´s interior, ending with the car. Then, slinging her camera over her shoulder, she folds back the tarp, resting it on the roof. The resulting clouds of dust make her cough.

THE CAR -

is an antique beauty, a 1931 Packard. It´s very dusty, despite the tarp. Curtains close off the back passenger compartment, but there´s a narrow gap in them. More mousy RUSTLINGS.

CLARICE

peers in through this gap, aiming her flashlight.

HER POV - SHIFTING -

as the thin flashlight beam picks out: the broad back seat... an open album of lacy, old-fashioned Valentines... a crumpled lap rug, on the floor... and then a pair of women´s shiny, high-heeled pumps... Above these, the hem of a fancy satin evening gown - and a pair of pale, stockinged legs.

CLARICE

recoils, alarmed, then steadies herself.

CLARICE
Mr. Yow? Oh Mr. Yow...? It looks like somebody is sitting in this car.

MR. YOW (O.S.)
Oh my! Oh my... Maybe you better come out now, Miss Starling.

CLARICE
Not yet! - just wait for me.
(under her breath)
Maybe in about two seconds.

She leans down with her camera, takes a FLASH through the gap, then tries the door handle. Locked. So is the front door. She looks around, aiming her light, and locates a tangle of coat-hangers, sticking out of a carton of bric-a-brac. She pulls out one of these, straightens it quickly, bends the tip into a hook.

CLOSE ANGLE

as she jams this tool inside the join at the top of the back passenger window, then fishes around till she can snag the inside door latch, pulling up. A satisfying CLICK.

CLARICE

opens the door - it hits stacked boxes, and won't open far - then very cautiously leans inside, aiming her flashlight.

HER POV - MOVING LIGHT BEAM -

revealing more of the evening gown... a pair of hands, in white, elbow-length gloves - one rests on the lap, the other atop a large, beaded, drawstring evening bag... thick strands of costume pearls over the breasts... and finally the white neck stub of a female mannequin. No face or head.

CLARICE

sighs with relief. She takes a couple more FLASHES, then very carefully lifts out the Valentine album, holding it by the corners, and setting it atop the car. Then she eases herself inside, onto the back seat, as the springs SQUEAK loudly.

ONE GLOVED HAND

slides off the lap, brushing Clarice's thigh.

CLARICE

starts a bit, then pokes at the gloved arm, hard. She peels back a bit of glove, revealing the white, synthetic elbow. She smiles, shaking her head at her own jumpiness, as she reaches over the mannequin's lap to loosen the evening bag's drawstring.

A SEVERED HUMAN HEAD

stares back at her, as the beaded material slides away.

CLARICE

lurches back, gasping loudly, and several long, heart-pounding moments pass before she can make herself look more closely.

THE HEAD

bobs gently in a pool of alcohol, in a laboratory specimen jar. It is a man's head, but grotesquely transformed, by the addition of heavy makeup, earrings, and a sodden wig, into a woman's face. Over the years the makeup has smeared badly, and the pupils have gone almost milky white.

CLARICE -

staring at this terrible thing, is pleased to find herself quickly regaining control. She murmurs to herself.

CLARICE
Well, Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUINN'S HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (RAINING)

A loud clap of THUNDER, as a flash of LIGHTNING illuminates the eerie towers and barred windows of the asylum.

MOVING ANGLE

on Clarice as she climbs from her car, runs through heavy rain towards the main entrance, where a guard admits her.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. QUINN'S CELL AND CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DIM LIGHT)

On a noiseless TV screen, an evangelist rants, waving his arms. Behind him, a swaying choir in gaudy robes.

CLARICE (O.S.)
It's an anagram, isn't it, Doctor?

PAN TO Clarice, with her wet hair plastered flat, sitting on the corridor floor to one side of this TV, which has been stationed so that Dr. Quinn cannot avoid seeing it.

CLARICE (contd.)
Hester Mofet... "The rest of me."
Miss The-Rest-of-Me... Meaning, you rented that place.

HER POV -

He's lost in shadows; we can't see him. He doesn't respond.

CUTTING BETWEEN THEM -

Clarice and the darkened cell - as she tries again.

CLARICE (contd.)
You put those - things in there. Paid for it in advance, ten years ago... Why, Dr. Quinn?

The food carrier suddenly SWISHES out of the cell, making her jump up. In its tray is a clean, folded white towel. She hesitates, then crosses, takes this.

CLARICE (contd.)
Thank you.

She sits again, rubbing her wet hair. When he finally speaks, he's on the floor, too - a deeper, hunching darkness in the shadows, occasionally striped by the flickering TV light.

DR. QUINN
Your bleeding has stopped.

CLARICE
How did -
(she stops herself)
It's nothing. A scratch.

DR. QUINN
Why don't you ask me about Buffalo Bill?

CLARICE
(surprised, a beat)
Why? Do you know something about him?

DR. QUINN
I might if I saw the case file. You could get that for me.

CLARICE
Why don't you tell me about "Miss Mofet?" You wanted me to find him. Or do I have to wait for the lab?

DR. QUINN
(sighs)
His real name is Benjamin Raspail. A former patient of mine, whose romantic attachments ran to, shall we say, the exotic...?

DR. QUINN (contd.)
I didn't kill him, merely tucked him away. Very much as I found him, in that ridiculous car, in his own garage, after he'd missed three appointments. You'd have him under "Missing Person" - which, in poor Raspail's case, could hardly be more true.

CLARICE
If you didn't kill him, then who did?

DR. QUINN
Who can say...? Best thing for him, really. His therapy was going nowhere.

CLARICE
Wouldn't it have been easier to just leave him for the police to find?

DR. QUINN
And have them clomping about in my life? Oh dear, no... At that time I still had certain private amusements of my own.
(beat)
How did you feel when you saw him, Clarice? May I call you Clarice?

CLARICE
Scared, at first. Then - exhilarated.

DR. QUINN
Ahhh... Why?

CLARICE
Because you weren't wasting my time.

DR. QUINN
Do you have something you use, when you need to get up your courage? Memories, tableaux... scenes from your early life?

CLARICE
I don't know. Next time I'll have to check.

DR. QUINN
Ray Campbell is helping your career, isn't he? Apparently he likes you. And you like him, too.

CLARICE
I never thought about it.

DR. QUINN
Your first lie to me, Clarice. How sad.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
Tell me - do you think Campbell wants you, sexually? True, he's much older, but - do you think he visualizes... scenarios, exchanges...? Fucking you?

CLARICE
That doesn't interest me, Doctor. And it's the sort of thing Miggs would ask.

DR. QUINN
Not anymore.
(beat)
Surely the odd confluence of events hasn't escaped you, Clarice. Campbell dangles you before me. Then I give you a bit of help. Do you think it's because I like to look at you, and imagine how good you would taste...?

CLARICE
I don't know. Is it?

DR. QUINN
Or doesn't this all begin to suggest to you a kind of... negotiation? There's something Campbell can give me, and I want to trade for it. I even wrote to him, offering my help. But he hates me, so he won't deal directly.

Dr. Quinn slowly turns up the rheostat in his cell. As his lights rise, we see that the cell's been stripped bare. Gone are his books, drawings, mattress - even his toilet seat. She stands, too, startled. They face each other.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
Punishment, you see. For Miggs. Just like that gospel program. When you leave, they'll turn the volume way up. Prentiss does enjoy his petty torments.

CLARICE
Who killed Raspail, Doctor...? You know, don't you?

DR. QUINN
I've been in this room for eight years, Clarice. I know they will never, ever let me out while I'm alive. What I want is a view. I want a window where I can see a tree, or even water. I want to be in a federal institution, away from Prentiss - and I want a view. I'll give

DR. QUINN (contd.)
good value for it. Campbell could do that for me, but he won't. You persuade him.

CLARICE
(almost a whisper)
Who killed your patient?

DR. QUINN
Oh, a very naughty boy. Someone you and Ray Campbell are most anxious to meet.

CLARICE
Buffalo Bill...?
(incredulous)
Bill killed him, all those years ago...? That's impossible.

But Dr. Quinn only smiles, enigmatically.

DR. QUINN
Who is he stalking right now, Clarice? I wonder, don't you? How many more young women will have to die, before you trade with me...?

As Clarice stares at him, unsure how to respond -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHERINE MARTIN'S APT. - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE - NIGHT

CATHERINE MARTIN takes a long toke from a bong pipe. She is 21, a tall, big-boned, rather fleshy girl with long brown hair. Her head is on the lap of her boyfriend, CODY; they're sprawled on a couch in the den of her well-furnished apartment. The TV is on, with low SOUND.

CATHERINE
This stuff's givin' me the munchies. Where's that bag a popcorn?

CODY
Shit. Left the groceries in the car.

He starts to rise, but she pushes him back.

CATHERINE
'S okay, I'll go.

She rises, goes out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Catherine straightens, with her bag of groceries, shutting her car's back door. She sees, a short distance away -

A MAN -

standing at the open rear door of a brown panel truck. His right forearm is in a cast and sling; he is struggling, unsuccessfully, to hoist an armchair into the truck. Parked nearby, other cars, RVs, a boat on a trailer. A thin, breast-high fog fills the lot; arc lights make yellow pools.

CATHERINE

hesitates, then crosses towards the man.

CATHERINE
Help you with that?

MAN
Would you? Thanks.

His voice is odd, strained, very soft. A fog lamp, set on end on the ground, distorts his features from below. We can't get a good glimpse of his face, but his body is plump, above average height; he's in his mid 30's. She sets down her bag, then together they easily lift the chair into the truck.

MAN (contd.)
Let's slide it up, you mind?

CUT TO:

INT. THE PANEL TRUCK - NIGHT

He climbs inside the truck, ducking under a small hand winch, and grabs the chair. She hesitates again, but climbs in after him; together they slide the chair forward, behind the seats.

MAN
Are you about a size 14?

CATHERINE
(surprised)
What?

Suddenly, in the shadowy dark, he clubs her over the back of her head with his cast. She moans, slumps unconscious, sliding off the armchair to lie on her stomach. He pulls off his cast and sling, tosses them aside, then hops out of the truck, grabs his lamp, climbs back inside, and pulls the door shut. He bends over her face with the lamp. We hear her shallow BREATHING.

MAN
Good.

He peels back the collar of her blouse, reading the size tag.

MAN (contd.)
Good.

He carefully slits her blouse up the back, with a pair of bandage scissors, peeling apart the two halves. There's no bra strap. He strokes her bare skin delicately, very happily.

MAN (contd.)
Gooood...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE - CLOSE - on Catherine's grocery bag, as her blouse is tossed out beside it. SOUND of the truck's motor starting. The truck backs up, one rear wheel knocking over the bag, partly squashing it. Then it drives away, taillights shrinking, as a lone orange rolls slowly away from the bag...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY CLASSROOM - QUANTICO - DAY

CLOSE ON a large video screen, where a BLURRY image gradually sharpens, resolving into two separate pieces of fabric.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
Electron microscopy reveals fiber "signatures" that are nearly as distinct as fingerprints...

CLARICE

sits at a long table, with other trainees. Ardelia is beside her. Other tables and students in the b.g. Each trainee has his own microscope. Clarice is tired, but straightens, hearing -

INSTRUCTOR (contd.,O.S.)
Both of these blouses were worn by victims of Buffalo Bill. They were found in two different states, and four months apart. He always slits them up the back, like a funeral suit...

ON THE SCREEN -

successively CLOSER VIEWS of the cut fabric edges, until we are seeing individual threads, big as tree limbs. The cuts match.

INSTRUCTOR (contd.,O.S.)
The bunching you see - this compression - is characteristic of scissor cuts, rather than a single blade. And, as you see - Bill always uses the same pair...

ANGLE ON THE DOOR -

as John Brigham, the gunnery instructor, sticks his head in.

BRIGHAM
Clarice Starling! Are you in here?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CLASSROOM BUILDING - DAY

Clarice and Brigham walk briskly down the hall, passing other trainees. He carries a small canvas bag.

BRIGHAM
Get your field gear, take stuff for overnight. You're goin' with Campbell.

CLARICE
Where?

BRIGHAM
Some fishermen in West Virginia found an unidentified girl's body. It's a Buffalo Bill-type situation. Been in the water about a week, and Ray needs somebody that can print a floater. Think you can handle it?

CLARICE
(thinking quickly)
I'll need the big fingerprint kit... and the one-to-one Polaroid, the CU-5, with film packs and batteries.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGHAM'S JEEP CHEROKEE - DAY (DRIVING)

Brigham steers as they pass hangars, parked planes, an airstrip. Clarice holds a big fingerprint kit and a weekend bag.

BRIGHAM
Ray's pretty tough on you, isn't he? Impatient...

CLARICE
Sometimes.

BRIGHAM
He´s got a lot on his mind besides Buffalo Bill... His wife, Bella, is real sick. Comatose... I´m tellin´ you about it now, ´cause he may never.

Clarice absorbs this in silence as they stop near an ancient, rather dilapidated Beechcraft. Its door is open, the twin props and beacons already turning. Brigham turns to her, holding out his small canvas bag.

BRIGHAM
You´re goin´ in the field, so you gotta have full kit. Take this - it´s my own...

Clarice opens the bag, stares at the big blue gun nestled in its shoulder holster. She looks up at him, touched.

BRIGHAM (contd.)
Wear it, don´t ever leave it in your purse. Dry fire it whenever you get the chance. And do your exercises.

CLARICE
I will... I promise.

BRIGHAM
Listen, I hope you never need a thing I´ve taught you. But you´ve got something... Ray sees it, I do too. If you ever need to, you can shoot.

She nods, climbs out. Then she looks back in at him. They´re both moved by this rite of passage, but a little embarrassed.

BRIGHAM (contd.)
Bless you, Starling...

CUT TO:

INT. BEECHCRAFT PLANE - DAY (FLYING)

CLARICE´S POV - out the plane´s window, at the landscape far below. Wisps of cloud, a quilt of farms.

CLARICE

turns from the window, looks at a thick folder in her lap. The cover reads "Case File: / BUFFALO BILL." Clarice is moody, distracted. She hesitates, then opens the file, begins to scan.

INSERTS - HER POV -

Police forms, some handwritten... Typed lab reports; we catch words, phrases: "Autopsy Protocols", "Histamine Analysis"... Grainy enlargements of bullet slugs, showing matched grooves... And then a stack of victim photos. The first one, taken from a good distance away, shows a nude female body, face down on a pebbly riverbank, surrounded by bits of litter.

CLARICE

hesitates again, then flips this photo to look at the next. It makes her flinch, just slightly. Quickly she turns through several *more photographs, trying hard to concentrate.*

CAMPBELL (O.S.)
He keeps them alive for three days.

NEW ANGLE -

shows Campbell standing over her, swaying with the plane's motion. Behind him, the open cockpit door, the pilot's back. Campbell sits, removing sunglasses. He rubs his eyes.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
Why, we don't yet know... There's no evidence of rape or physical abuse prior to death. All the mutilation you see there is post-mortem.
(a beat; he glances at her)
I'm hot, are you hot? Bobby, it's too damned hot back here...

The pilot adjusts a valve. Campbell turns to her again.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
So. Three days. Then he shoots them, skins them - usually just the torsos - and dumps them. Each body in a different river, in a different state, downstream from an interstate highway. The water leaves us no fingerprints, fibers, DNA fluids - no trace evidence at all. That's Fredrica Bimmel, the first one...

A COLOR PHOTO - IN CLARICE'S HANDS -

shows a pretty, plump-cheeked brunette, in her high school graduation cap and gown. She smiles at us with touching optimism.

CAMPBELL (contd., O.S.)
A big girl, like all the rest. Went about 160... Her corpse was the only one he took the trouble to weight down, so actually, she was the third girl found. After her, he got lazy...

NEW ANGLE -

as Clarice stares at the girl's face, moved. Campbell pulls a map from the file, spreads it out. It shows the central and eastern U.S., with widely-spaced, hand-drawn markings.

CAMPBELL *(contd.)*
Blue square for Belvedere, Ohio, where the Bimmel girl was abducted. Blue triangle where her body was found - down here in Missouri. Same marks for the other four girls, in different colors. This new one, today... washed up here.
(He marks with a Flair pen)
Elk River, in West Virginia, about six miles below U.S. 79. Real boonies.

CLARICE
There's no correlation at all between where they're kidnapped and where they're found...?
(He shakes his head)
What if - what if you trace the heaviest-traffic routes backwards from the dump sites? Do they converge at all?

CAMPBELL
Good idea, but he thought of it, too. We've run simulations, using different vectors and the best dates we can assign. You put it all in the computer, and smoke comes out. No, this one is different. This one has seen us coming...

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY (DRIVING)

Campbell steers, following a highway patrol car along a winding mountain road. Clarice has the file open on her lap. He glances at her, inscrutable behind his sunglasses.

CAMPBELL
Talk about him, Starling. Tell me what you see.

CLARICE
(choosing her words carefully)
He's a white male... Serial killers tend to hunt within their own ethnic group. And he's not a drifter - he's got his own house, somewhere. Not an apartment.

CAMPBELL
Why?

CLARICE
What he does with them - takes privacy... Time, tools... He's in his 30's or 40's - he's got real physical strength, but combined with an older man's self-control. He's cautious, precise, never impulsive... This won't end in suicide, like they often do.

CAMPBELL
Why not?

CLARICE
He's got a real taste for it now. And he's getting better at his work.

CAMPBELL
(a beat; impressed)
Maybe you've got a knack for this... I guess we're about to find out.

CLARICE
(quietly, evenly)
Like I have a "knack" for Dr. Quinn?

He studies her a few moments, measuring her anger.

CAMPBELL
Okay, Starling. Let's have it.

CLARICE
You haven't said a word today about that garage. Or what I found there.

CAMPBELL
What should I say? You did fine work. We'll wait on the lab.

CLARICE
You knew. You knew from the start that Quinn held the key to this... But you weren't up front with me. You sent me in to him naked.

CAMPBELL
(beat)
Are you finished?

CLARICE
He starts this - buzzing in me, in my head. He makes me feel violated...

CLARICE (contd.)
You used me, Mr. Campbell.

A shadow of regret passes over his face, but he answers sternly.

CAMPBELL
Number One. Maybe there's a connection, maybe not. Lying and breathing are the same thing to Quinn. Number Two. If I'd sent you in there with something to hide from him, he'd have known it, instantly. He'd never have trusted you.

She starts to answer, then is silent. He is right. By now the two cars are entering a tidy little town - tree-lined streets, wooden houses, one-story shops, mountains in the b.g. They slow, turn.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
Number Three, I didn't bring you along today just because you can do first-rate forensics. If Quinn is becoming part of this case, you've got the most current read on him. And Number Four - you don't have to like me, or the way I do things. But you do have to keep a cool head. Especially now... Because from here on out, you'll know everything I do. Are we straight on that?

Clarice nods, silently; it's as close to an apology as she's likely to get. She stares out the windshield.

JUST AHEAD OF THEM -

the highway patrol cruiser noses into a curb, next to other police cars, facing a big white frame house. Its sign reads "Potter Funeral Home." Two troopers climb from the car.

CAMPBELL

parks too, then kills the engine. He turns to her, removing his sunglasses, gestures to the case file.

CAMPBELL
(softly)
You think about him long enough, you get a feel for him... Then, if you're lucky, out of all the stuff you know, one little part of it tugs at you, tries to get your attention... You let me know when that happens, Starling. Live right behind your eyes, today. Don't try to impose any patterns on this guy. Just stay open and let him show you...

One of the troopers, impassive in his sunglasses and hat, peers in through Campbell's window. Campbell nods to him, then turns back to Clarice.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
School's out, Starling.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OF THE FUNERAL HOME - POTTER, WEST VA. - DAY

SOUND of organ music, as Clarice, carrying her fingerprint kit, mounts some steps to the sidewalk. She stops, seeing -

COUNTRY PEOPLE

in their somber best, filing into the mortuary for a service. The music - "Shall We Gather At The River?" - is issuing from the open double doors. Several of the mourners glance over at her curiously.

ANGLE ON CLARICE -

staring back at the mourners, hearing the music, as a sense memory is triggered in her...

IN FLASHBACK - LOW ANGLE, MOVING -

as we approach, down the aisle of a country chapel, an open wooden coffin. Sad country faces turn, looking at us from the flanking pews. The b.g. organ hymn is "Shall We Gather...?"

THE SAD, 10 YEAR-OLD CLARICE -

in her best dress, is reluctantly approaching the casket. Her hands are held by the plump hands of unseen matrons.

CHILD'S POV -

on the looming coffin... closer and closer... until finally she can see, lying inside it... her dead father, arms folded, his marshal's badge still pinned to his lapel.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Starling...?

NEW ANGLE (PRESENT DAY) -

as the grownup Clarice turns towards the impatient Campbell. Like her, he carries a large case.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
We're around back.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - BACK CORRIDOR - DAY

A young deputy, several state troopers, and a SHERIFF are all waiting, as Campbell and Clarice enter. The dim, cluttered corridor doubles as storage space - there's a treadle sewing machine, a soft-drink machine, a tricycle. The MUSIC is closer. Campbell shakes hands with the sheriff.

CAMPBELL
Sheriff Perkins? Ray Campbell, FBI... This is Officer Starling. We appreciate your phoning us.

SHERIFF
(*grim, unsociable*)
I didn't call you. That was somebody from the state attorney's office... 'For you do a thing else, I'm gon' find out if this girl's local. It could just be somethin' that outside elements has dumped on us.

He casts a sidelong, unhappy glance at Clarice.

CAMPBELL
Wellsir, that's where we can help. If -

SHERIFF
I don't even know you, Mister... Now we'll extend you ever courtesy, just soon as we can, but for right now -

CAMPBELL
Sheriff, this, ah - this type of sex crime has some aspects I'd rather discuss just between the two of us. Know what I mean?

He indicates Clarice with his eyes. The sheriff hesitates, nods, then lets Campbell guide him into a small office, closing the door behind them. Muffled WORDS from there.

CLARICE -

burning at this slight, is left alone with the troopers, who peek at her with shy curiosity. She pulls her blazer a bit tighter, self-conscious about her bulging shoulder holster.

ANGLE ON THE OFFICE DOOR -

as, after a few more moments, the sheriff and Campbell emerge. The sheriff, still not very happy, addresses his deputy.

SHERIFF
Oscar, run fetch Dr. Akin from the chapel. And tell Lamar to come on when he's done playin' that music.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBALMING ROOM - DAY

Campbell, in one corner of the room, has set up a Litton Policefax fingerprint transmitter. SOUND of many men's low voices, in b.g. He is on the phone, and has to speak loudly.

CAMPBELL
I need a six-way linkup! Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Atlanta, and Dallas... What?... Can you hear me...?

He looks around, frustrated by the noisy circus atmosphere.

CLARICE

is pulling on a pair of surgical gloves. She raises her voice, turning up her natural accent by several notches.

CLARICE
Gentlemen. You officers and gentlemen! Listen here a minute, please. There's things I need to do for her...

WIDER ANGLE -

as we see that the small room is very crowded with deputies and troopers. They gradually fall silent, looking at her.

CLARICE (contd., O.S.)
Y'all brought her this far, and I know her folks would thank you if they could. Now please - go on out and let me take care of her... Go on, now.

The men look at one another, a little bashfully, then begin to to file out, whispering among themselves. As they go, a bright green body bag is REVEALED, tightly zipped, lying on a porcelain embalming table. It is almost the only modern object in this Victorian room, with its glass-paned cabinets and faded wallpaper, decorated with cabbage roses.

FAVORING CAMPBELL -

as he looks at Clarice with a new degree of respect. Men brush by him, till finally only two are left: DR. AKIN, a family g.p., and LAMAR, a lean, whiskey-reddened mortician. SOUND of the door closing. Lamar dabs around his nostrils with Vicks VapoRub.

CAMPBELL
(on phone)
We're starting. Tell everybody to stand by for fingerprint transmission.

CLARICE -

at a side counter, has turned back to her open fingerprint kit. She is lifting out a camera when she hears the ZIPPER of the body bag being slowly opened, *behind her... One gloved hand flies to* her mouth as she reacts, involuntarily, to the sudden smell. She blinks at her reflection in the cabinet glass, then steels herself to turn, look at the corpse.

CLARICE
(pause; softly)
Bill...

She steadies herself by raising her camera, takes a FLASH photo.

LOW ANGLE - LOOKING UP, FROM BENEATH TABLE -

as Dr. Akin gently lifts aside one of the dead girl's arms. A piece of fishing line, with multiple hooks, is still snagged around it, *dangling. Campbell leans in for a closer look.*

DR. AKIN
Wrongful death... She'll have to go to the state pathologist at Claxton when you're done.
(Campbell nods)
I better - get on back for the rest of that service. Lamar'll help you.
(shaken)
Lord almighty...

He leaves, and Clarice leans INTO SHOT, taking another photo.

CAMPBELL
What do you see, Starling?

CLARICE
Well, she's not local. Her ears are pierced three times each, and she's wearing green glitter nail polish. Looks like town to me...

CLOSE ANGLE

on the calf of one of the girl's legs, as Clarice trails the inside of her bare wrist along the skin.

CLARICE (contd., O.S.)
She waxed her legs, I think... A big

CLARICE (contd., O.S.)
girl, just like the others - but she was careful about her appearance...

UPWARD ANGLE AGAIN -

as Lamar joins them for a closer look.

CLARICE (contd.)
Two of her fingernails are broken off, and there's - dirt or grit under the others. She tried to claw her way through something... I'll scrape out samples after I've printed her.

She takes another FLASH, then quickly reloads film.

LAMAR
Them fishhooks are set too close together. No wonder the Franklin boys was scared to say they found her.

CLARICE
Think they were runnin' a trotline?

Campbell and Lamar both look at her curiously.

CLARICE (contd.)
(to Campbell)
It's a Fish and Game violation. Like poaching. There's a big fine.

LAMAR
Right... Are you from around here?

CLARICE
They do it lots of places.

CAMPBELL
Get photos of her teeth. Then we'll fax her fingerprints to Washington, try to trace her through Missing Persons.

SIDE ANGLE - CLOSE

on the dead girl's face. Staring blue eyes, short reddish hair. Clarice sets the Polaroid, with its special attachments, against the face, while Lamar gently retracts the lips. Each time the camera FLASHES, there's a bright glow inside the cheeks.

NEW ANGLE - CHEST HIGH

as Clarice examines a developing print.

CLARICE
She's got something in her throat.

She hands the print to Campbell; he and Lamar look at it, as she searches in her kit.

LAMAR
When a body comes out of the water, alots of times there's like, leaves and things in the mouth.

Clarice holds up a pair of forceps. She glances at Campbell, who nods. She bends over, partially OUT OF SHOT, and after a few moments reappears, holding up a small, brown cylindrical object. She turns this in the air, as they all stare.

CAMPBELL
What is it - some kind of seed pod?

LAMAR
Nawsir, that's a bug cocoon. But how come that to get way down in there? 'Less somebody shoved it in...

Clarice and Campbell exchange a glance.

CAMPBELL
She'll be easier to print if we turn her over. Lamar, will you give me a hand?

LAMAR
Yessir, I will.

CLARICE

takes a jar from her kit, carefully drops the cocoon inside. SOUND of the men's heavy efforts as they turn over the body, O.S. She seals the jar, staring into it at the cocoon.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)
Starling - what do you make of these?

She turns to look.

HER POV -

High on the corpse's back, over the shoulders, two neat, triangular patches of skin are missing.

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT -

as Clarice looks at Campbell.

CLARICE
I don't know. I didn't see those on any of the other girls...

CAMPBELL
They weren't there. Get close-ups.

Clarice raises her camera, leans in for another FLASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK STEPS OF THE FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Clarice sits outside, with her head on her knees, drained. She looks up wanly as Lamar appears, offers her a can of Coke.

CLARICE
Thanks, I'm not thirsty.

LAMAR
No, hold it under your chin, there, and on your temples. Cold'll make you feel better. It does me.

She smiles, touched, and takes the can. When Lamar sees Campbell coming outside, he tactfully departs. Campbell sits beside her; there's a brief silence. She soothes herself with the can.

CAMPBELL
When I told that sheriff we shouldn't talk in front of a woman, that really burned you, didn't it?
(She is silent)
That was just smoke, Starling, I had to get rid of him. You did well in there.

CLARICE
It matters, Mr. Campbell... Other cops know who you are. They look at you to see how to act... It matters.

CAMPBELL
(beat)
Point taken.

She looks at him a moment, then offers the can. He opens it.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
When we get back, I want you to run that bug by the Smithsonian, see if they can identify it. Maybe it's got some limited range, or it only breeds at certain times of year... You found it, Starling, you deserve the credit.

CLARICE
I'm wondering if he's done that before - placed a cocoon, or an insect. It would be easy to miss in an autopsy, especially with a floater... Can we check back on that?

CAMPBELL
(shakes his head)
The other girls are in the ground. Exhumations are upsetting for the families. I'll do it if I have to, but -

CLARICE
Then have the lab check Raspail's head.
(He looks at her)
Dr. Quinn's patient - have them probe his soft-palette tissues... They'll find another cocoon.

CAMPBELL
You seem pretty sure of that.

CLARICE
Raspail was killed by the same man who's killing these girls. And Quinn knows him. Maybe even treated him... You think so, too, don't you? Or you'd never have sent me to that asylum.

He looks at her for a moment, then sips again.

CAMPBELL
Before we caught him, Quinn had a big psychiatric practice in Baltimore. But he travelled all over the country - teaching, consulting... Christ, even testifying in murder trials. Who knows how many potential psychos he turned loose, just for the fun of it...?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

A shadowy male figure looks down at us, leaning over the edge of a deep hole. He holds a little white poodle in his arms, stroking it. This is MR. GUMB, aka "Buffalo Bill."

MR. GUMB
(softly)
Rub the cream on your skin. Rub it in gooood...

CATHERINE MARTIN

looks up at him. She is standing on the cement bottom of the pit, or oubliette, about 15 feet below floor level. The pit is bare, except for a futon and a plastic toilet bucket, from which a thin string rises up to the basement. She's soaking wet, in an orange jumpsuit, and holds a squeeze bottle of skin lotion. She struggles to sound calm.

CATHERINE
Mister... my family will pay cash. Whatever ransom you're askin' for, they -

REVERSE ANGLE - UP TOWARDS MR. GUMB

MR. GUMB
Rub it in! Or you'll get the hose again.

The little dog squirms in his arms, BARKING excitedly.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Yes, it will, Precious, won't it? It will get the hose!

SIDE ANGLE - AT PIT BOTTOM -

as Catherine kneels, turning slightly away from him.

CATHERINE
(under her breath)
Oh God... oh God...

She unzips her jumpsuit, part-way, then squeezes some of the lotion onto a palm. She reaches inside her suit, rubs it on.

CATHERINE (contd.)
Mister, if you let me go, I won't press charges, I promise. You've only had me here a couple days, and -

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
No. Just one day...

CATHERINE
Is that all...? See - see, my mom is a real important woman... Well, I guess you already know that. She'll pay you, no questions asked. Whatever cause you represent - Iran, Palestine - she'll see that -

A sudden blinding glare of light silences her. She looks up, shielding her eyes.

HER POV -

a floodlamp is descending, attached to a small basket.

MR. GUMB
Put the bottle in the basket. No funny business, or you'll be sorry...

NEW ANGLE - CATHERINE -

as the basket stops, and she steadies it. But as she slips the bottle in, she sees something, O.S., just at the fringe of the light. She hesitates, looks closer... then begins to scream, hysterically, again and again. Her outflung hand hits the lamp, and in its swaying glare, we see - high on the concrete walls, all around her -

BLOODY FINGER TRACKS -

dried now, brownish - left by many pairs of frenzied hands...

CUT TO:

INT. CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - FBI ACADEMY - DAWN

Clarice is at her desk, exercising her right hand with the grip flexer, while simultaneously studying a thick law book. Ardelia sticks her head in the door, excited.

ARDELIA
You better come see this.

CUT TO:

INT. RECREATION ROOM - FBI ACADEMY - DAWN

CLOSE ON a TV screen, filled with a photo of Catherine Martin.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
...was listed at first simply as a missing person, but is now believed to have been kidnapped by the serial killer known only as "Buffalo Bill."

The photo disappears, replaced by the TV ANCHOR himself.

TV ANCHOR (contd.)
Memphis Police sources indicate that the missing girl's blouse has been identified, sliced up the back, in what has become a kind of grim calling card. Young Catherine Martin, as we've said, is the only daughter of U.S. Senator Ruth Martin -

CLARICE

looks at Ardelia, surprised. Other trainees are drifting into the rec room, some whispering among themselves. Clarice stares back at the TV intently.

TV ANCHOR (contd., O.S.)
- the Republican junior senator from Tennessee. And while her kidnapping is not at this point considered to be politically motivated, nevertheless it has stirred the government -

BACK ON THE TV ANCHOR -

TV ANCHOR (contd.)
- to its highest levels, the president himself being said to be, and I quote, "intensely concerned." Just moments ago, Senator Martin made this dramatic personal plea...

SENATOR MARTIN (TV FOOTAGE) -

fills the screen, in a halo of lens flare, as she speaks to a jostling crowd of reporters on the front steps of her Georgetown home. A tall woman, late 40's, with a strong, taut face.

SEN. MARTIN
I'm speaking now to the person who is holding my daughter. Her name is Catherine... You have the power to let Catherine go, unharmed. She's very gentle and kind - talk to her and you'll see. Her name is Catherine...

CLARICE

is moved by what she sees. Other trainees are all around her.

CLARICE
(whispers)
Boy, is that smart...

ARDELIA
Why does she keep repeating the name?

CLARICE
Somebody's coaching her... They're trying to make him see Catherine as a person - not just an object.

ON THE TV AGAIN -

SEN. MARTIN
You have a chance to show the whole world that you can be merciful, as well as strong. Please - I beg you - release my Catherine...

NEW FOOTAGE -

as we see (NIGHT, TELEPHOTO) - a taped-off section of Catherine's parking lot. Technicians, with instruments, are kneeling by the crushed grocery bag.

2ND TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
Meanwhile, in Memphis, the investigation continued throughout the night, as state and local authorities were joined at the kidnap scene by agents of the FBI...

MOVING ANGLE (STILL TV FOOTAGE) -

as Ray Campbell is seen striding towards the front door of Catherine's apartment, followed by Burroughs and other agents. One of them moves quickly towards the CAMERA, waving it back.

REC ROOM ANGLE - FAVORING ARDELIA

as the other trainees send up a brief, ironic cheer. But Ardelia turns sympathetically towards the troubled Clarice.

ARDELIA
I don't know whether to say "I'm sorry," or "Congratulations." But girl? - you just went prime time.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

The massive Victorian building looms over Constitution Avenue. Clarice quickly mounts the steps, carrying a small plastic box.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
I don't think he knew that she's a Senator's child. She's a big girl, Starling, like all the rest. We're going on the theory she was randomly targeted by size...

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - DAY

Clarice, now accompanied by a museum guard, walks through an eerie landscape of dinosaur bones - crouching skeletons with

blank eye sockets, gaping fangs.

CAMPBELL (contd., V.O.)
By now, Bill's had her for 36 hours. That leaves us just 36 more, before he kills her... But maybe, just maybe, Starling, we caught a real break this time - thanks to you.
(beat)
We found another bug, in Raspail's head.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON an live, enormous, rhinoceros beetle, as it weaves its clumsy way among the men on a chessboard, before finally stepping off the edge, onto a lettuce leaf.

RODEN (V.O.)
Time, Pilch! My move.

PILCHER (V.O.)
No fair! You lured him with produce.

WIDER ANGLE

shows two entomologists, both 30ish, hunched over the board. RODEN is a pudgy redhead; PILCHER is lean, quite handsome.

RODEN
Tough noogies! It's still my turn.

CLARICE (O.S.)
If the beetle moves one of your men, does that count?

They look up, delighted to see Clarice in the doorway. Both men are hopelessly smitten by her.

RODEN
Of course it counts. How do you play?

PILCHER
(grins)
Officer Starling. Welcome back.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTOMOLOGY CORRIDOR - DAY

MOVING ANGLE as Clarice and the two men go briskly down a hall lined with mounted insects, in all shapes and sizes. Roden peers at Clarice's new cocoon, in its box.

RODEN
Where the hell did this one come from? It's practically mush.

CLARICE
You really don't want to know.

PILCHER
Your West Virginia specimen gave us quite a bit of trouble, but I finally managed to narrow his species through chaetaxy - studying the skin.

RODEN
I'm the one who found his perforating proboscis! Are you wearing a gun, right now?
(Clarice nods)
Ooh, cool! Can I see it? Can I?

PILCHER
Just ignore him. He's not a Ph.D.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

VERY CLOSE (MAGNIFICATION) on the sliced cocoon, as Roden uses tweezers and a dental probe to ease out the sodden chrysalis.

RODEN (O.S.)
The whole trick is to remove the chrysalis without destroying it... The wings are just like wet tissue paper...

THE TWO MEN

are hunched over a formica table, peering through square magnifiers into stainless trays. Clarice watches curiously. Of their two specimens, Pilcher's moth is in much better condition - a big brown creature, its wings outspread on towel paper.

PILCHER
(without looking up)
What do you do when you're not detecting, Officer Starling?

CLARICE
I try to be a student, Dr. Pilcher.

PILCHER
Ever get out for cheeseburgers and beer? The amusing house wine...?

CLARICE
(smiles)
Not lately. But maybe someday.

He looks up at her, shyly. A little moment passes between them, before Roden straightens, exultant.

RODEN
Positive match!

CLARICE
You're sure?

RODEN
(points with his dental probe)
West Virginia... Baltimore. Officer Starling, meet Mister Acherontia styx.

He moves aside for Clarice to get a closer look at Pilcher's specimen. She leans forward, intently.

HER POV (MAGNIFICATION) -

The wide, furry, brown back of the moth. And there, right between the wing bases - wonderful and terrible to see - is nature's perfect reproduction of a ghostly human skull.

RODEN (O.S.)
Better known to his friends as the Death's-head Moth...

PILCHER (O.S.)
The Latin name comes from two rivers in Hell. Your man - he drops these girls into rivers, every time. Didn't I read that?

FAVORING CLARICE

as she looks up at him awed, excited, almost trembling.

CLARICE
And there's no way - no natural way - these could've wound up in the bodies?

PILCHER
(shakes his head)
They live in Malaysia. In this country, they'd have to be specially raised, from imported eggs.

CLARICE
(pause, then softly)
Dr. Quinn...

As the two men stare at her, puzzled, we hear a SOUND UPCUT - the wail of police SIRENS - and...

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. ROUTE 95 - DAY (AERIAL SHOT)

An awesome armada of police vehicles swings through an intersection, while normal traffic is held back by highway patrol cruisers. The lead cars turn off, hit the entrance ramp to the freeway - SIRENS going, tires SQUEALING, red flashers...

CLOSER ANGLE

on a speeding surveillance van, with long antennas and a small satellite dish, near the head of the motorcade.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Maybe we can trace how he buys the bugs, starting with U.S. Customs...

CUT TO:

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY (DRIVING)

The van is crammed with an impressive array of hi-tech equipment, all CLICKING and HUMMING. Burroughs is talking quietly on a scrambler phone, while another agent works a computer.

CAMPBELL (contd., O.S.)
Maybe we can locate some of Raspail's old lovers. Maybe, someday...

CLARICE AND CAMPBELL

sit in swivel seats at the rear, by a big window. Clarice can't resist an occasional peak at the trailing motorcade, awed and a bit thrilled to be the center of so much attention.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
But for Catherine Martin, it all comes down to you and Quinn. You're the one he talks to.

CLARICE
He's already offered to help... What would happen if we just showed our cards - asked him for Bill?

CAMPBELL
He offered to help, Starling, not to snitch. That wouldn't give him enough chance to show off. Remember, Quinn looks mainly for fun. Never forget fun.

CLARICE
But if he knew we have so little time -

CAMPBELL
If we act too anxious, he'll make us wait. He'll let the Senator keep hoping, day after day, until Catherine finally washes up. That'd be the most fun of all.

CLARICE
I think he means it, this time. I think he'll deal.

CAMPBELL
What would it take?

CLARICE
Transfer to a new prison. With a view of trees, he said, or even water... Can we swing that?

CAMPBELL
(shakes his head)
State to federal jurisdiction... We can do it - eventually - but we'll never get all the clearances in time. Can you convince him a deal's already in place?

CLARICE
You'll back me up with some paperwork?
(He nods)
Then I'll try. But wouldn't this have more weight coming from the Senator herself?

CAMPBELL
(hesitates)
She doesn't know what we're up to. And we can't afford to let her find out.

Clarice looks at him, surprised.

CAMPBELL (contd.)
She's the mother, Starling. She can't possibly comprehend what Quinn is. She'd make the mistake of pleading with him. Begging him... He'd feast on her pain till the last second of that girl's life...

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSP. FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

Prentiss approaches, walking briskly down a corridor in the

administration wing. He looks quite agitated.

CAMPBELL (contd., V.O.)
We can't trust Herbert Prentiss, either. He's greedy and ambitious. If he knew about Quinn's link to Bill, he'd go straight to the newspapers...

Prentiss falls into step beside Clarice, who has her briefcase. He points his gold pen at her accusingly.

PRENTISS
What you're doing, Miss Starling, is coming into my hospital to conduct an interview, and refusing to share information with me. For the third time!

CLARICE
Dr. Prentiss, I told you - this is just routine follow-up on the Raspail case.

PRENTISS
He's my patient! I have rights!
(grabs her arm, stopping her)
I'm not just some turnkey, Miss Starling. I shouldn't even be here this afternoon. I had a ticket to Holiday on Ice.

She stares at him, with pity and distaste, till he lets go.

CLARICE
I'm acting on instructions, Dr. Prentiss.
(handing him a card)
This is the U.S. Attorney's number. Now please - either discuss this with him, or let me do my job.

She walks away, leaving him speechless with frustration and hostility. He clicks his pen, watching her go.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. QUINN'S CELL AND CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Quinn sits at his table, languidly sketching with charcoal on butcher paper. He uses his own hand and forearm as a model. His other drawings, books, and bedding have been restored.

DR. QUINN
Wouldn't you say, Clarice, that for a United States Senator, you're an odd choice of messenger?

Clarice, sitting again at the desk-chair, is taking papers from her briefcase.

CLARICE
I was your choice, Dr. Quinn. You chose to speak to me. Would you prefer someone else now? Or perhaps you don't think you can help us.

DR. QUINN
That is both impudent and untrue... Tell me, how did you feel when you viewed our Billy's latest effort?
(beat; he smiles)
Or should I say, his "next-to-latest"?

CLARICE
By the book, he's a sadist.

DR. QUINN
Life's too slippery for books, Clarice. Typhoid and swans came from the same God.
(beat)
Tell me, Miss West Virginia - was she a large girl?

CLARICE
Yes.

DR. QUINN
Big through the hips. Roomy.

CLARICE
They all were.

DR. QUINN
Mmm. And what else...?

CLARICE
She had an insect deliberately inserted in her throat. That hasn't been made public yet. We don't know what it means.

DR. QUINN
Was it a butterfly?

CLARICE
(pause; staring at him)
A moth... How did you predict that?

DR. QUINN
I'm waiting for your offer, Clarice. Enchant me.

Clarice looks down at her papers, taking a moment to collect her thoughts. She looks up at him again, evenly.

CLARICE
If you help us find Buffalo Bill in time to save Catherine Martin, the Senator promises you a transfer to the V.A. hospital at Oneida Park, New York, with a view of the woods nearby. Maximum security still applies, but you'd have reasonable access to books.

He is silent. She rises, moves closer, carrying papers.

CLARICE (contd.)
Best of all, though - one week a year you'd get to leave the hospital and go here.
(points to a map)
Plum Island. Every afternoon of that week you can walk on the beach or swim in the ocean for up to one hour. Under SWAT team surveillance, of course...

His face remains neutral. She puts the papers in his food tray.

CLARICE (contd.)
Copy of the Buffalo Bill case file, copy of Senator Martin's terms. Her offer is final and non-negotiable. If Catherine dies -
(She slides his tray through)
You get nothing.

A measured beat, before he rises smoothly, crosses, and looks down at the papers, without touching them.

DR. QUINN
"Plum Island Animal Disease Research Center." Sounds charming.

CLARICE
That's just part of the island. It has a very nice beach. Terns nest there.

DR. QUINN
Terns... If I help you, Clarice, it will be "turns" with us, too. Quid pro quo. I tell you things, you tell me things. Not about this case, though - about yourself. Yes or no?
(She is silent)
Yes or no, Clarice. Catherine is waiting. Tick-tock, tick-tock...

She looks at him. A beat. They are standing uncomfortably close.

CLARICE
Go, Doctor.

DR. QUINN
What's your worst memory of childhood?
(She hesitates)
Quicker than that. I'm not interested in your worst invention.

CLARICE
The death of my father.

DR. QUINN
Tell me. Don't lie, or I'll know.

Clarice cannot bear the feverish excitement in his eyes. She looks past him, hesitating again.

CLARICE
He was a town marshal... one night he surprised two burglars, coming out the back of a drugstore... They shot him.

DR. QUINN
Killed outright?

CLARICE
No. He was strong, he lasted almost a month. My mother - died when I was very young, so my father had become - the whole world to me... After he left me, I had nobody. I was ten years old.

DR. QUINN
You're very frank, Clarice. I think - it would be quite something to know you in private life.

CLARICE
Quid pro quo, Doctor.

DR. QUINN
The significance of the moth is change. Caterpillar into cocoon into beauty... Billy wants to change, too, Clarice. But there's the problem of his size, you see. Even if he were a woman, he'd have to be a big one...

CLARICE
(puzzled)
Dr. Quinn, there's no correlation in the literature between transsexualism and violence. Transsexuals are very passive.

DR. QUINN
Clever girl. You're so close to the

DR. QUINN (contd.)
way you're going to catch him - do you realize that?

CLARICE
No. Tell me why.

DR. QUINN
After your father's death, you were orphaned. What happened next?
(Clarice drops her gaze)
I don't imagine the answer's on those second-rate shoes, Clarice.

CLARICE
I went to live with my mother's cousin and her husband in Montana. They had a ranch.

DR. QUINN
A cattle ranch?

CLARICE
Horses - and sheep...

DR. QUINN
How long did you live there?

CLARICE
Two months.

DR. QUINN
Why so briefly?

CLARICE
I - ran away...

DR. QUINN
Why, Clarice? Did the rancher fuck you?

CLARICE
(angrily)
No.

DR. QUINN
Did he try to?

CLARICE
No...! Quid pro quo, Doctor.

DR. QUINN
Billy's not a real transsexual, but he thinks he is. He tries to be. He's tried to be a lot of things, I expect.

CLARICE
You said - I was very close to the way we'd catch him.

DR. QUINN
There are three major centers for transsexual surgery: Johns Hopkins, the University of Minnesota, and Columbus Medical center. I wouldn't be surprised if Billy had applied for sex reassignment at one or all of them, and been rejected.

CLARICE
On what basis would they reject him?

DR. QUINN
The personality inventories would trip him up. Rorschach, Wechsler, House-Tree-Person... He wouldn't test like a real transsexual.

CLARICE
How would he test?

Suddenly Dr. Quinn snarls, loudly, stretching. Clarice take a sharp step backwards before he smiles, turning his movement into an elaborate yawn. He gathers the papers from his tray.

DR. QUINN
That's enough, I think. Happy hunting. Oh, and Clarice - next time you <u>will</u> tell me why you ran away. Shall I summarize?

CLARICE
(shaken)
Yes, Doctor. Please.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY

VERY CLOSE ON a cocoon, split along its back, as a living Death's-head Moth wriggles torturously free. Trembling and damp, the new creature clings to a sprig of nightshade.

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
You should try to obtain a list of males rejected from all three gender reassignment centers...

PULLING BACK -

we see a big wire cage, holding several of the moths. They

crawl over the humus floor or feed at honeycombs, wings pumping lazily. In the distant b.g., the incongruous SOUND of show music.

DR. QUINN (contd., V.O.)
Check first the ones rejected for lying about criminal records...

CONTINUOUS MOVING ANGLE -

at about knee level, as we leave the cage, and begin to TRAVEL through this eerie, dimly-lit warren of a cellar. As we go - occasionally TURNING corners, or skirting the dark openings of unexplored passages - various objects loom briefly INTO VIEW, overhead - a stainless-steel work table... a big sink... jars of chemicals... neat racks of gleaming knives...

DR. QUINN (contd., V.O.)
Among those who tried to conceal their past, look for severe childhood disturbances, associated with violence... Possibly you'll find a childhood incarceration... Then go to their personality tests...

We pass a row of female mannequins, some nude, some wearing colorful leather jackets, designer knockoffs, in various stages of completion... then a huge maroon armoire, in Chinese lacquer; its double doors are slightly ajar... The jaunty b.g. MUSIC is growing ever louder: Fats Waller singing "Bye Bye Baby." And now we hear something else, too - the rapid CLICKING of a sewing machine...

DR. QUINN (contd., V.O.)
Study their drawings, especially. Billy's house drawings will show no happy future... No baby carriage, out in the yard. No pets, no toys, no flowers, no sun...

We TURN another corner, and there is Mr. Gumb himself. As we APPROACH, his wide back is to us; he's hunched over an old-fashioned sewing machine, humming cheerfully, and working a piece of material that we mercifully cannot see. A female wig rests near him on a head form. He wears a hairnet and a beautiful kimono, and pumps the treadle with his bare feet.

DR. QUINN (contd., V.O.)
His females will be more crudely sketched than his males - but he'll compensate by adding exaggerated adornments... jewelry, big breasts... And his tree drawings - oh, his trees will be frightful...

Next to Mr. Gumb is an antique phonograph - source of the

MUSIC. His little dog, Precious, perches by his plump ankles. As we PASS Mr. Gumb, Precious scurries away from him, panting happily, and we FOLLOW the little dog down another corridor, the music starting to fade behind us...

DR. QUINN (contd., V.O.)
Billy hates his own identity, he always has - and he thinks that makes him a transsexual. But his pathology is a thousand times more savage... He wants to be reborn, Clarice. He will be reborn...

At the end of this final corridor, the cellar widens into a low-ceilinged chamber, with two additional doorways, and in the center of this is the gaping circle of the oubliette. Precious sniffs her way over to the edge - excited, tail wagging - then BARKS happily as we hear a hoarse, ghostly moan from below.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Pleeeeeeeease.....!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DR. QUINN'S CORRIDOR - DAY

MOVING ANGLE - CLOSE - on Dr. Quinn's slippered feet, which rest on the shelf of a rolling hand truck. RISING along his tilted form, we see that his ankles are linked by steel restraints... his legs, waist, upper torso, and arms are bound by heavy canvas webbing... beneath the webbing is a straitjacket... and over his face is a hockey mask.

PRENTISS (V.O.)
Sad news, Gideon...

WIDER ANGLE

shows that Dr. Quinn, on the handtruck, is being pushed down his corridor by Barney, and back into his open cell.

PRENTISS (contd., V.O.)
Gourmet magazine has rejected your recipe for braised kidneys...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. QUINN'S CELL - DAY

Prentiss lounges on Dr. Quinn's cot, casually reading his large stack of private correspondence, and making notations with his gold pen on a little pad. Another orderly mops the floor.

PRENTISS (contd.)
Perhaps you should have been less specific about what kind.
(to Barney)
Stand him by the toilet. Then leave us.

Barney props the hand truck into position, then both orderlies go. Prentiss finishes another letter, sighs happily.

PRENTISS (contd.)
Such a lot of correspondence! I can hardly wait to analyze it in more detail... But first things first.

Tossing letters onto the cot, he rises, crosses out into the corridor, and bends to remove a small tape recorder from underneath Clarice's desk. He waggles it triumphantly at Dr. Quinn.

PRENTISS (*contd.*)
I thought she might be looking for a civil rights violation in Miggs' death, so I bugged you... Not a word to me in all these years, Gideon. Then Campbell sends his bit of fluff over here, and you just turn to jelly. It's too pathetic.

SIDE ANGLE - TWO SHOT -

as Prentiss, back in the cell, leans tauntingly close to the front of Dr. Quinn's mask.

PRENTISS (contd.)
You still think you're going to walk on some beach, and see the birdies? I don't think so, Gideon... I called Senator Ruth Martin, and she never heard of any deal with you. She never heard of Clarice Starling, either. They scammed you, Gideon...

CLOSE ON Dr. Quinn's glittering eyes, behind their slits.

PRENTISS (*contd., O.S.*)
When Campbell gets through milking you, he's giving you to Baltimore Homicide for the Raspail murder. And they're preparing some special surprises for you right now, in my electroshock room.

DR. QUINN'S POV (FRAMED BY EYE-SLITS) -

first looking at Prentiss's moving lips... then LOWERING to his soft, white, inviting throat...

PRENTISS (contd.)
The Starling bitch wants you to rot here, in this little box, till your teeth fall out and you're soiling diapers. You've seen the old ones, Gideon. They weep when their stewed peaches get cold. That'll be you, too. Unless - you trade with me.

FAVORING PRENTISS - as he sits chummily on the table.

PRENTISS (contd.)
There never was a deal with Senator Martin - but there is now. I've been on the phone for hours, Gideon, on your behalf. Here's what you get: if you identify Buffalo Bill, and the girl is found in time, Senator Martin will have you transferred to Brushy Mountain State Prison, in Tennessee...

CLOSE AGAIN ON DR. QUINN'S EYES -

as they shift restlessly, away from Prentice - then suddenly lock onto something. They widen with interest.

PRENTISS (contd., O.S.)
The Governor has already agreed. You get books, a view of the woods, and plenty of exercise time...

DR. QUINN'S POV - EXTREME C.U. -

On the cot, carelessly left there, lying half-hidden under the letters and the rumpled sheet... is Prentiss's gold pen.

PRENTISS (contd., O.S.)
And best of all, you'd be out of Ray Campbell's reach, forever. The Senator will verify these terms on the phone, and guarantee them in writing...

BACK ON DR. QUINN -

as he stares a moment longer at the pen, then shifts his eyes toward Prentiss. We can almost hear his brain clicking.

PRENTISS (contd., O.S.)
In exchange, I get your full cooperation in publishing a professional account of this - my successful interviews with you. You publish nothing. And I get exclusive access to any material from Catherine Martin... So. Do you accept my demands?

PRENTISS (contd., O.S.)
(pause)
Answer me, Gideon.

A beat. Dr. Quinn is silent. Prentiss sticks his face INTO SHOT, almost intimately close to the mask. He is agitated.

PRENTISS (contd.)
You'll answer me <u>now</u>, or by God, you'll answer to Baltimore Homicide. <u>Who is Buffalo Bill</u>?

DR. QUINN
(pause; then softly)
I'll tell the Senator herself. But only in Tennessee...

PAGE 65 OMITTED

CUT TO:

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Campbell is on the scrambler phone. Burroughs watches silently.

CAMPBELL
(on phone; stunned)
Transferred...?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - DAY

HAYDEN BURKE, the FBI Director, swivels in his big chair. Lean, late 40's, very distinguished. His desk is flanked by flags.

DIRECTOR BURKE
(on phone)
Already airborne for Memphis. Senator Martin's meeting him at the airport.
(uneasily)
Ray - did you make some sort of promise to Quinn, in the Senator's name?

Listening to the answer, he looks uncomfortably across his desk at PAUL KRENDLER, the Deputy Attorney General - 40, very tanned, modish haircut. Krendler is irritable, impatient.

DIRECTOR BURKE (contd.)
(on phone)
We're going to have to talk about this, Ray. The Senator's mad as hell. Paul Krendler's over here from Justice, she's asking him to take charge in Memphis... I know that... But you're still in command of the task force, and Quinn's plane can still be ordered back. It's your call, Ray - but I want it now.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Burroughs starts to make an objection, but Campbell stills him with a hand motion. He is taut, frustrated. Long pause.

CAMPBELL
(into phone)
Let him land.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - DOORWAY - DAY

Clarice opens her door, stares out at Campbell. She's just slipping on her blazer, over her shoulder holster. She's furious.

STARLING
Prentiss has killed her, hasn't he? That slimy little bastard! We were so close with Quinn - and now her last chance is gone.

CAMPBELL
Let's get some coffee and talk.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI ACADEMY GROUNDS - QUANTICO - DAY

MOVING ANGLE on Clarice and Campbell, as they walk along a sidewalk, sipping from paper cups. The surveillance van trails them slowly, radios CRACKLING.

CLARICE
Are you in trouble over this, Mr. Campbell? Can Senator Martin do something to you?

CAMPBELL
I'm 53, Starling. If I found Jimmy Hoffa on national TV, I'd still have to retire in two years. It's not a consideration. But you are...
(beat)
You've done enough. If I keep you out of school any longer, you'll be recycled. Cost you six months, at least. I can guarantee you readmission here, but that's about it.
(He stops, looks at her)
Now's your chance, Starling. Go back to class. Leave Bill to me.

CLARICE
If you didn't want me chasing him, you shouldn't have taken me to that funeral home.

He looks at her steadily, then nods. They walk again.

CLARICE (contd.)
Quinn is still the key, I know he is. Whatever he told me about Bill is just as good now as it was before.

CAMPBELL
Or just as worthless. But I want you in Memphis, close to him. Maybe when he gets tired of toying with Senator Martin, he'll talk to you again. There's a plane waiting for you now at the airstrip.

She smiles at this acknowledgement; he never thought she'd quit.

CLARICE
I lied to Quinn. I'll need some kind of peace offering... Can I get the drawings from his cell?

CAMPBELL
Good idea. Meantime, try to get a feel for Catherine Martin. Her apartment, her friends... how he might've stalked her. I'm going to the other two clinics, Minnesota and Ohio.
(He crumples his cup, tosses it)
Now's the hardest part, Starling. Use your anger, don't let it keep you from thinking. Just keep your eyes on Catherine. We've got less than 30 hours.

CLARICE
(hesitates)
Mr. Campbell... can those cops down there handle Dr. Quinn?

CAMPBELL
(grimly)
They'll use their best men. But they better be paying attention...

CUT TO:

INT. AIR NATIONAL GUARD HANGAR - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE - DAY

CLOSE ON Dr. Quinn. Behind his mask, the alert, searching eyes.

CAMPBELL (contd., V.O.)
He will...

OFFICERS PEMBRY AND BOYLE -

two sturdy, well-armed, veteran prison guards - are checking Dr. Quinn's restraints with clever, careful fingers.

BOYLE
Welcome to Memphis, Dr. Quinn. I'm Officer Boyle, this is Officer Pembry. We aim to treat you just as nice as you treat us. Act like a gentlemen, you'll get three hots and a cot.

PEMBRY
But we ain't pussy-footin' with you, buddy ruff. You get cute, try to bite somebody? - we'll tie your asshole in a knot. You savvy?

DR. QUINN
Oh yes, Officer Pembry. I certainly do.

The officers turn away, Boyle signing a clipboarded form.

PEMBRY
(under his breath)
Shit, he's just an ol' broke-dick. Won't be no trouble at all if he don't flip out.

BOYLE
Dr. Prentiss...?

NEW ANGLE - WIDER -

as we see that we're in a vast, dusty hangar. Parked to one side: an EMS ambulance and four highway patrol cruisers; a dozen troopers stand quietly chatting and smoking over there. Prentiss is pacing impatiently, casting anxious glances towards the open hangar doorway.

BOYLE
If you'll please sign right here, sir, we'll have us a legal transfer.

Prentiss instinctively pats his shirt pocket for his gold pen; it's gone. He searches other pockets, with growing unhappiness.

BOYLE (contd.)
Use mine.

PEMBRY
Here they come.

TWO BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINES

glide smoothly into the hangar, stop. Secret Service agents pour out of the lead car, form a cordon. A driver opens the rear door of the second car, and Krendler steps out, followed by the Senator's assistant, with a briefcase, followed, at last, by the Senator herself. Barely glancing around, she strides towards Quinn.

NEW ANGLE - DR. QUINN AND SEN. MARTIN -

as she stops, struck by the bizarre spectacle of his restraints. The others instinctively keep a distance, but Prentiss, with theatrical relish, unstraps and removes Dr. Quinn's mask.

PRENTISS
Senator Martin, meet Dr. Gideon Quinn.

They stare at one another for a long moment: the Senator tense, almost haggard, the madman with his unearthly poise.

SEN. MARTIN
Dr. Quinn, I've brought an affidavit guaranteeing your new rights... You'll want to read it before I sign.

Her assistant unsnaps his briefcase, reaches for the form.

DR. QUINN
I won't waste your time and Catherine's time bargaining for petty privileges. Clarice Starling and that awful Ray Campbell have wasted far too much already. I only pray they haven't doomed the poor girl... Let me help you now, and I'll trust you when it's all over.

SEN. MARTIN
You have my word. Paul?

Krendler raises a pad, poised to take notes.

DR. QUINN
Buffalo Bill's real name is William Rubin. I met him just once. He was referred to me in April or May, 1980, by my patient Benjamin Raspail. They were lovers, but Raspail had become very frightened. Apparently Rubin had murdered a transient, and - done things with the skin. He thought if I could cure Billy, then Billy'd be safe from the police, and he'd be safe from Billy... Obviously, he was wrong.

KRENDLER
We need his address, a physical descr-

DR. QUINN
Did you nurse Catherine?

SEN. MARTIN
(pause, startled)
What...?

DR. QUINN
Did you breast-feed her?

He flicks his tongue obscenely.

KRENDLER
You son of a -

The Senator stills him with a hand. She is trembling.

SEN. MARTIN
Yes... I did.

DR. QUINN
Toughened your nipples, didn't it...?
(a beat; then rapidly, bored)
Six foot one, strongly built, about 190 pounds. Hair brown, eyes pale blue. He'd be about 35 now. He said he lived in Philadelphia, but may have lied. That's really all I can remember, Senator - but if I think of any more, I'll let you know.

SEN. MARTIN
(to the others)
Let's go with it.

They start towards the cars, but he calls out, stopping them.

DR. QUINN
Senator Martin...! You can't trust Ray Campbell or Clarice Starling. It's such a game with these people. They're determined to get the arrest for themselves. The "collar," I think they say.

SEN. MARTIN
Thank you, Doctor. I'll keep it in mind.

DR. QUINN
Oh, and Senator...? Love your suit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S BASEMENT - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

CLOSE ON scraps of food - peas, chicken bones - lying on the cement floor of the pit, near the foil tray of a TV dinner.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
(muttering, feisty)
Close enough to fuck is close enough to fight...

CATHERINE

is hunched over in concentration. The plastic toilet bucket is on her lap, and she has yanked down its cotton string.

CATHERINE (contd.)
Get my legs round your neck, you goddamn creep, I'll send you home to Jesus...

HER FINGERS

are tying a chicken bone to the bucket's handle, where it meets the string. The other end of the string is tied to her wrist.

SHE STANDS -

gathers the coiled string in one hand, and swings the bucket by its handle, calculating the distance up to the basement floor.

CATHERINE (contd.)
Okay, Precious. Time for a treat...

She hurls the bucket upwards.

AT THE LIP OF THE OUBLIETTE -

the bucket sails out, bounces LOUDLY, then falls back inside.

ANGLE ON THE DOG, PRECIOUS -

who is elsewhere in the basement, worrying a toy. She cocks an ear, making a low GROWL, then sets off to investigate.

DOWN IN THE PIT -

Catherine swings the bucket again, trying another cast.

THE BUCKET LANDS

two feet beyond the pit's edge, rolls a bit, stops.

PRECIOUS TROTS UP -

then pauses, staring curiously towards...

VERY LOW ANGLE (DOG'S POV) -

the enticing chicken bone, six feet away. It twitches as Catherine tugs on the string, edging the bucket back towards the pit.

PRECIOUS

with her tail wagging, BARKS - greedy but suspicious.

CATHERINE -

staring upwards, pulls again, ever so gently, at the string.

CATHERINE
(softly)
Preeeeecious...! C'mon, boy, nice yummy bone... c'mon, you little shit...

PRECIOUS

edges reluctantly closer... then suddenly rushes in, seizing the bone in her teeth. She tries to run away with it, but Catherine is pulling her towards the hole, working her like a hooked fish. Her toenails scrabble as she tries to stop.

CATHERINE

stares up desperately, unable to see how she's doing.

CATHERINE
Hang on, boy... hang on...

PRECIOUS

still fights for the bone, GROWLING, as the bucket rocks precariously *on the edge of the pit. A long, seesaw battle...* until finally, when one of her forelegs slips momentarily into the hole she panics and lets go. The bucket flops over the edge.

CATHERINE

crouches, covering her head as the bucket bounces off her.

CATHERINE
Nooooo...!

THE LITTLE DOG

furious, BARKS down at her, then trots away in disgust.

CLOSE ON CATHERINE

as she sinks to the cold cement. She slaps aside the foil tray, the scraps of food, sobbing in utter despair.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHERINE MARTIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a framed photo of Sen. Martin and Catherine, held in Clarice's cotton-gloved hands. Powdered fingerprints on the glass.

CLARICE

glances up from the photo, smiles disarmingly at -

A YOUNG STATE TROOPER -

sitting in Catherine's easy chair. He smiles back at her, then relaxes, returns to his newspaper. He also wears gloves.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Clarice closes the refridgerator door, glances around.

A BIG REEL-TO-REEL TAPE RECORDER

has been set up on the breakfast counter, attached to Catherine's phone. Two new red phones are hooked up as well.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Clarice slides open the medicine cabinet's mirror, looks inside. She reaches in, pokes carefully amongst the lotions.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC CRAWL-SPACE

A ceiling hatch bangs open, sending up dust clouds. Clarice, lit from underneath, pokes her head through, looking around.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Flat on her back, Clarice wriggles out from under Catherine's bed. She sits up, brushing dust from her face and hair.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

CLOSE ON an open, multi-tiered jewelry box, resting atop a

bureau, as Clarice's fingers pick through costume jewelry.

CLARICE

closes the box, and is just turning away when a figure suddenly looms INTO SHOT, giving her a bad start; she cries out softly.

SENATOR MARTIN

is revealed, staring at her suspiciously.

SEN. MARTIN
Who are you, please? I thought the police were through in here.

CLARICE
I'm Clarice Starling, Senator. FBI.

SEN. MARTIN
(softly, very angry)
Clarice Starling...
(calls out)
Paul? Would you come in here, please...?

Krendler enters from the hallway, looks at Clarice.

SEN. MARTIN (contd.)
Miss Starling, you may know the Deputy Attorney General, Mr. Krendler. Paul, this is the trainee that Ray Campbell sent to Quinn... She lied to him, pretending to have my authority, and thus jeopardized this entire investigation. Now she has the further gall to invade my daughter's privacy, again without permission. If her little games have killed my baby...

Overcome, she hurries from the room. Krendler shuts the door behind her, points sternly at Clarice.

KRENDLER
You're out of line, Starling, and you're off this case. Back to Quantico.

CLARICE
Sir, Mr. Campbell instructed me -

KRENDLER
Your instructions are what I'm giving you now. Ray Campbell answers to the Director, and the Director answers to me. My God, Campbell's losing it...! He shouldn't even be on this, with his wife

KRENDLER (contd.)
sick as she is... How the hell did you get in here, anyway? He gave you - what? -some kind of special ID? Let's have it.

CLARICE
(stubbornly)
I need the ID to fly with my gun. The gun belongs at Quantico.

KRENDLER
Gun. Jesus. Turn in the ID as soon as you get back. The gun, too. Be on the next plane, Starling, there's one in 90 minutes.

Clarice, burning, starts for the door, then turns back.

CLARICE
Mr. Krendler... Dr. Quinn trusts me. Or at least, he used to. If I could just -

KRENDLER
Quinn has already named Buffalo Bill.

Clarice reacts, surprised. Krendler takes a folded computer sheet from his pocket, shoves it at her. She takes it, reads.

KRENDLER (contd.)
He gave us a perfectly good description, and we're on it now, so we won't be needing your little novelty act any longer - or his, either. He's under close guard at the courthouse, pending a prison transfer. The next plane, Officer.

CLARICE
Sir, doesn't this "William Rubin" strike you as - I don't know - kind of vague?

Krendler moves in very close to her, pale with anger.

KRENDLER
Do you need a police escort, Starling? Or do you think you can find the airport by yourself?

CLARICE
Yes sir. I can find it by myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHELBY COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

The old courthouse is a massive Gothic stronghold, with an armada of police cruisers parked at the curb.

CLARICE

climbs from her rented car, SLAMMING the door angrily. Holding a rolled-up pile of papers - Dr. Quinn's drawings - she starts determinedly up the steps. A nearby commotion makes her pause.

DR. HERBERT PRENTISS -

in a sea of interviewers and mini-cams, is preening grandly.

CLARICE -

carefully avoiding his gaze, slips up the steps and inside.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

SGT. TATE, a Memphis policeman, is studying Clarice's ID. He looks up at her from his command desk, a bit doubtfully.

SGT. TATE
Are you with Mr. Krendler's people?

CLARICE
I just left him.

SGT. TATE
Access to Quinn is strictly limited.
We've been getting death threats.
(hesitates again)
Log in, and check your weapon.

He picks up a phone, murmurs into it. As he does so, Clarice glances around this main ground floor lobby.

HER POV -

The building looks like an armed fort. Cops with shotguns guard the front door, both ends of the hall, the foot of the stairs, the single elevator. More of them are coming and going.

MURRAY (V.O.)
Shoot, we haven't had this kinda
security since the President came
through town...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOVING

Clarice and OFFICER MURRAY, a young patrolman, ride up in an old-fashioned, CREAKING, metal-cage elevator. He is excited.

MURRAY
Every cop in Tennessee wants a look at this guy. 'Sit true what they're sayin' - he's some kinda vampire?

CLARICE
(beat)
I don't have a name for what he is.

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - 5TH FLOOR

Pembry, at a desk by the door, looks up from examining the unrolled pile of Dr. Quinn's drawings.

PEMBRY
You know the rules, ma'am?

CLARICE
Yes, Officer Pembry. I've questioned him before.

He waves her on her way, but retains the drawings for now.

MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE -

as she crosses the big, spare, white octagonal room. A massive, temporary iron cage has been installed; Officer Boyle sits facing its barred door. He rises, nods, moving away to allow her privacy

INSIDE THE CAGE -

a cot and a small table, each bolted to the floor, and a flimsy paper screen, hiding a toilet. Dr. Quinn sits at the table, his back to her, studying the Buffalo Bill case file. He now wears a green prison jumpsuit. A small cassette player is chained to the steel table.

DR. QUINN
(without turning)
Good afternoon, Clarice.

She stops at a striped police barricade, before his bars.

CLARICE
I thought you might want your drawings back... Just until you get your view.

DR. QUINN
How very thoughtful... Or did Campbell

DR. QUINN (contd.)
send you here for one last wheedle - before you're both booted off the case?

CLARICE
Nobody sent me. I came on my own.

He spins in his swivel chair, stops neatly. A coy smile.

DR. QUINN
People will say we're in love.
(beat)
Pity you tried to fool me, isn't it? Pity for poor Catherine. Tick-tock...

He spins again in his chair, playfully.

MOVING ANGLE - FAVORING CLARICE -

as she circles the cage, trying to keep his face in sight.

CLARICE
Dr. Quinn, you find out everything. You couldn't have talked with this "William Rubin", even once, and come out knowing so little about him... You made him up, didn't you?

DR. QUINN
Clarice... you're hardly in a position to accuse <u>me</u> of lying.

CLARICE
I think you were telling me the truth in Baltimore - or starting to. Tell me the rest now.

DR. QUINN
I've studied the case file, have you...? Everything you need to find him is right in these pages. Whatever his name is.

CLARICE
Then tell me how.

DR. QUINN
First principles, Clarice. Simplicity. Read Marcus Aurelius. Of each particular thing, ask: What is it, in itself, what is its nature...? What does he <u>do</u>, this man you seek?

CLARICE
He kills w-

DR. QUINN
(sharply, as he stops)
No - ! That's incidental.

CLOSER ANGLE - TWO SHOT -

as he rises, pained by her ignorance, and crosses to the bars.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
What is the first and principal thing he does, what need does he serve by killing?

CLARICE
Anger, social resentment, sexual frus-

DR. QUINN
No, he covets. That's his nature. And how do we begin to covet, Clarice? Do we seek out things to covet? Make an effort to answer.

CLARICE
No. We just -

DR. QUINN
No. Precisely. We begin by coveting what we see every day. Don't you feel eyes moving over your body, Clarice? I hardly see how you couldn't. And don't your eyes move over the things you want?

CLARICE
All right, then tell me how -

DR. QUINN
No. It's your turn to tell me, Clarice. You don't have any more vacations to sell, on Anthrax Island. Why did you run away from that ranch?

CLARICE
Dr. Quinn, when there's time I'll -

DR. QUINN
We don't reckon time the same way, Clarice. This is all the time you'll ever have.

CLARICE
Later, listen, I'll -

DR. QUINN
I'll listen now. After your father's murder, you were orphaned. You were ten years old. You went to live with

DR. QUINN (contd.)
cousins, on a sheep and horse ranch in Montana. And - ?

CLARICE
And - one morning I just - ran away...

She turns from him. He presses closer, gripping the bars.

DR. QUINN
Not "just," Clarice. What set you off? You started what time?

CLARICE
Early. Still dark.

DR. QUINN
Then something woke you. What? Did you dream...? What was it?

IN FLASHBACK -

The 10-year old Clarice sits up abruptly in her bed, frightened. She is in a Montana ranch house; it is almost dawn. Strange, fearful shadows on her ceiling and walls... a window, partly fogged by the cold; eerie brightness outside.

CLARICE (V.O.)
I heard a strange sound...

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
What was it?

THE CHILD RISES -

crosses to the window in her nightgown, rubs the glass.

CLARICE (V.O.)
I didn't know. I went to look...

HIGH ANGLES (2nd STORY) - THE CHILD'S POV -

Shadowy men, ranch hands, are moving in and out of a nearby barn, carrying mysterious bundles. The mens' breath is steaming... A refridgerated truck idles nearby, its engine adding more steam. A strange, almost surrealistic scene...

CLARICE (contd., V.O.)
Screaming! Some kind of - screaming. Like a child's voice...

THE LITTLE GIRL

is terrified; she covers her ears.

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
What did you do?

CLARICE (V.O.)
Got dressed without turning on the light. I went downstairs... outside...

THE LITTLE GIRL -

in her winter coat, slips noiselessly towards the open barn door. She ducks into the shadows to avoid a ranch hand, who passes her with a squirming bundle of some kind. He goes into the barn, and she edges after him reluctantly.

CLARICE (contd., V.O.)
I crept up to the barn... I was so scared to look inside - but I had to...

THE LITTLE GIRL'S POV -

as the open doorway LOOMS CLOSER... Bright lights inside, straw bales, the edges of stalls, then moving figures...

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
And what did you see, Clarice?

A SQUIRMING LAMB -

is held down on a table by two ranch hands.

CLARICE (V.O.)
Lambs. The lambs were screaming...

A third cowboy stretches out the lamb's neck, raises a bloody knife. Just as he's about to slice its throat -

BACK TO THE ADULT CLARICE -

staring into the distance, shaken, still trembling from the child's shock. We see Dr. Quinn, over her shoulder, studying her intently.

DR. QUINN
They were slaughtering the spring lambs?

CLARICE
Yes...! They were screaming.

DR. QUINN
So you ran away...

CLARICE
No. First I tried to free them... I opened the gate of their pen - but

CLARICE (contd.)
they wouldn't run. They just stood there, confused. They wouldn't run...

DR. QUINN
But you could. You did.

CLARICE
I took one lamb. And I ran away, as fast as I could...

IN FLASHBACK -

a vast Montana plain, and crossing this, a tiny figure - the little Clarice, holding a lamb in her arms.

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
Where were you going?

CLARICE (V.O.)
I don't know. I had no food or water. It was very cold. I thought - if I can even save just one... but he got so heavy. So heavy...

The tiny figure stops, and after a few moments sinks to the ground, hunched over in despair.

CLARICE (contd., V.O.)
I didn't get more than a few miles before the sheriff's car found me. The rancher was so angry he sent me to live at the Lutheran orphanage in Bozeman. I never saw the ranch again...

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
But what became of your lamb?
(no response)
Clarice...?

BACK TO SCENE -

as the adult Clarice turns, staring into his feverish eyes. She shakes her head, unwilling - or unable - to say more.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
You still wake up sometimes, don't you? Wake up in the dark, with the lambs screaming?

CLARICE
Yes...

DR. QUINN
Do you think if you saved Catherine, you could make them stop...? Do you think, if Catherine lives, you won't wake up in the dark, ever again, to the screaming of the lambs? Do you...?

CLARICE
Yes! I don't know...! I don't know.

DR. QUINN
(a pause; then, oddly at peace)
Thank you, Clarice.

CLARICE
(a whisper)
Tell me his name, Dr. Quinn.

DR. QUINN
Dr. Prentiss... I believe you know each other?

NEW ANGLE -

as Clarice turns, startled, and the fuming Prentiss seizes her elbow. Pembry and Boyle are beside him, looking grim.

PRENTISS
Out. Let's go.

PEMBRY
Sorry, ma'am - we've got orders to have you put on a plane.

Clarice struggles, pulling free of them for a moment.

DR. QUINN
Brave Clarice. Will you let me know if ever the lambs stop screaming?

CLARICE
(moving closer to the bars)
Yes. I'll tell you.

DR. QUINN
Promise...?
(She nods. He smiles)
Then why not take your case file? I won't be needing it anymore.

He holds out the file, arm extended between the bars. She hesitates, then reaches to take it.

VERY CLOSE ANGLE - SLOW MOTION -

as the exchange is made, his index finger touches her hand, and lingers there, just for a moment.

DR. QUINN'S EYES -

widen, crackling at this touch, like sparks in a cave.

DR. QUINN
Good-bye, Clarice.

CLARICE -

hugging the case file to her chest, stares back at him as the men crowd in on her, pushing her away.

HER POV - MOVING -

as Dr. Quinn, head cocked in a smile, slowly recedes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARMENT SWEATSHOP - DAY

MOVING ANGLE - MR. GUMB'S POV - as he pushes a rolling rack of completed leather garments, each wrapped in plastic, down an aisle. SOUND of many sewing machines, all clattering at once, as he passes row on row of work tables. The seamstresses, mostly black or Hispanic, glance up as he passes, then quickly avert their eyes, his presence disturbing them in some nameless way.

A THIN FOREMAN -

in a flowery shirt, sees him approaching. He rises from his desk and comes over cheerfully, as the rack rolls to a stop.

FOREMAN
Hello, dear! Punctual as always. And what have you brought us today?

He seizes one of the dangling jackets, pulling up the plastic wrapper. He examines it, stroking the sleeve.

FOREMAN (contd.)
Oh, marvelous... You know, I always say you're the Leonardo of leather.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
(a harsh whisper)
Oil.

FOREMAN
Pardon...?

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
You're leaving oil on the skin.

The foreman quickly releases the jacket.

FOREMAN
Of course... You'll be wanting your -

Mr. Gumb's hand reaches INTO SHOT, snatching an envelope from him. The foreman is watching him walk away, as a seamstress comes over to take the rack of garments. The foreman is vaguely troubled, but shakes it off. He strokes the jacket again, admiringly.

FOREMAN (contd.)
(to seamstress)
I wish we had a dozen like him...

SOUND UPCUT - Glenn Gould playing Bach's Goldberg Variations...

CUT TO:

INT. MEMPHIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LOUNGE AREA - DUSK

Clarice, in a line of other passengers, is moving slowly towards a departure ramp. Through a huge plate glass window, we can see her plane. She glances back over her shoulder at

A PAIR OF UNIFORMED COPS

brawny and impassive, their arms folded, waiting to make sure she boards this flight.

CLARICE

sighs, turning wearily back towards the jetway. The BACH CONTINUES, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SHELBY CO. COURTHOUSE - HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a steaming, rather elegant dinner tray, being carried by Pembry, as he approaches Dr. Quinn's cell.

PEMBRY
(shouts)
Ready when you are, Doc!

IN THE CELL -

the BACH is issuing from the cassette player. Beside it, on the table, the pile of Dr. Quinn's drawings. The top one is an accurate, sensitive portrait, from memory, of Clarice. Beyond

the table, we see Quinn's shadowy form, seated behind the paper screen. He calls out from there.

DR. QUINN (O.S.)
Just another minute, please!

PEMBRY

grunts, sets the tray down. Boyle joins him, handing him a riot baton and a Mace cannister, which Pembry fastens to belt clips. Boyle is similarly armed, and carries a ring of keys.

PEMBRY
Sumbitch demanded lamb chops for dinner, extra rare.

BOYLE
(laughs)
What you reckon he'll want for breakfast - some fuckin' thing from the zoo?

INSIDE THE SCREEN -

Dr. Quinn sits fully clothed on the toilet - swaying slightly, eyes closed, lost in the music, tongue working in his cheek. Suddenly, like magic, a little shiny piece of metal protrudes from his lips. He plucks it out, opens his eyes.

IN EXTREME C.U. -

He is holding the pocket clip from Prentice's disassembled pen - a straight, thin strip of metal, with a circular collar at one end, a square edge at the other.

DR. QUINN

lines up his thumbnail just shy of the square edge, then braces it against the stainless steel toilet rim. He pushes down, hard, using both hands for leverage. After a moment he smiles, holding up the result, and twirling it before his eyes.

IN EXTREME C.U. -

the straight end of the clip now forms a tiny right angle, and the circular end anchors nicely between his fingers.

OUTSIDE THE CELL -

Pembry and Boyle turn as the toilet FLUSHES, and Dr. Quinn re-appears, looking jaunty.

PEMBRY
Okay, Doc, grab some floor. Same drill as lunchtime.

Dr. Quinn sits on the floor, legs straight, then wriggles backwards. He stretches his arms behind him, hands and wrists through the bars, with two bars between them, and clasps his hands.

DR. QUINN
I'm ready when you are, Officer Pembry.

Pembry comes around the cell to squat behind Dr. Quinn. He tugs his hands farther out, rather roughly, handcuffs his wrists. He shakes the cuffs, making sure of them, then nods to Boyle.

NEW ANGLE - AT CELL DOOR -

as Boyle picks up the dinner tray, and Pembry crosses around. Pembry takes the keys from Boyle, unlocks the cell door, and pushes it inward. Boyle goes inside with the tray.

DR. QUINN

watches as Boyle approaches the table, about five feet from him. Boyle has to set his tray down on the floor to clear off some of the mess of drawings. The MUSIC plays on.

VERY CLOSE ON -

Dr. Quinn's hands, outside the bars, as the makeshift key, held between the tips of his right index and middle fingers, searches for the keyhole of the cuffs. And finds it.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING BOYLE -

as he finishes clearing the drawings, then turns back towards Dr. Quinn, stooping to pick up the tray.

BOYLE'S RIGHT HAND -

is just inches from the tray when Dr. Quinn's hand darts INTO SHOT, snapping a handcuff onto his wrist.

BOYLE

looks up, astonished, to find himself right in the grinning face of Dr. Quinn - who just as quickly rolls sideways, and snaps -

THE OTHER CUFF

around the bolted leg of the table. And suddenly all natural SOUND and MOTION are <u>suspended</u>, as the MUSIC soars much <u>louder</u>, each separate note of it now <u>echoing</u> distinctly, and we see...

VARIOUS ANGLES - EACH BLURRING INTO <u>STOP-ACTION</u> -

Pembry starting into the cell, reaching for his riot baton...

Dr. Quinn smashing against the cell door, driving it into Pembry, pinning him across the chest, against the door frame...

Boyle, on one knee on the floor, digging desperately in his pants pocket for his handcuff key...

Pembry's hand, mashed against his body by the door, as he strains frantically to reach the baton at his waist...

Pembry's eyes, widening in horror as he stares at...

Dr. Quinn's bared teeth, flashing towards him...

Dr. Quinn gripping Pembry's face in his jaws, shaking it like a dog shakes a rat...

Boyle finding his key, but in his terror dropping it...

Dr. Quinn yanking the mace can and riot baton from the dazed Pembry's belt, spraying him in his bloody face, then clubbing him to his knees...

Boyle, mouth open in a silent scream, finding his key again, unlocking the handcuff, but then, as he starts to rise, seeing...

Dr. Quinn standing over him, with the riot baton raised high; he swings it viciously down, again and again and again... Then normal SOUND and MOTION are restored as we go to -

CLOSE ANGLE ON -

the cassette player, and the portrait of Clarice, both now flecked with blood. In addition to the Bach, we now hear soft PANTING, close by, and whimpering SOBS in the b.g.

ANGLE ON DR. QUINN

eyes closed, lost in a favorite passage of the music. His bloody fingers drift airily with the notes, as his breathing slows to normal. He opens his eyes, sighs contentedly, looks down.

HIS POV -

By the sprawled legs of Boyle lie various objects that spilled from his pants pocket - coins, a comb, a big pocketknife.

DR. QUINN

picks up the pocketknife, examines it happily. About a four-inch blade. He becomes aware of the WHIMPERING, O.S., turns.

LOW ANGLE ON PEMBRY

as he crawls, with torturous slowness, towards the command desk,

and the phone. He is crying, but frantically determined.

PEMBRY'S POV - PARTIALLY BLURRED, THEN CLEARING -

Above the desk, hanging from pegs, are his and Boyle's holstered revolvers..

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

The bronze arrow above the elevator swings towards "5," then indicates a stop there, at the top floor.

FAVORING SGT. TATE -

at his command desk, as he stares at the indicator. Another cop, JACOBS, sits on the desk's edge, flipping through a magazine; many more cops can be seen beyond them, idling in the lobby.

SGT. TATE
What is this shit...? Did some-
body go up to five?
(Jacobs shakes his head)
Call Pembry, ask him what -

A GUNSHOT, and then, moments later, TWO MORE quick ones, echo down the nearby stairwell. Sgt. Tate jumps to his feet, grabs a radio mike, as the other cops stir, confused and noisy.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
(into mike)
CP, shots fired on five! Repeat, shots
fired on five! Outside posts look sharp,
we've got a... Ho-ly shit.

THE BRONZE ARROW

has begun to descend. Down to 4, then past 4...

BACK ON SGT. TATE -

as he reacts. The other cops, behind him, are now in a full uproar, shouting, pulling out guns.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
(to the others)
SHUT UP...! Guard mount, double up on
your outside posts. Bobby, get the vests.
Rainey, Howard, cover that fucking ele-
vator if it comes all the way to -

A COP (O.S.)
It stopped!

THE BRONZE ARROW -

has, indeed, frozen at 3.

SGT. TATE

lifts the microphone again.

SGT. TATE
(into mike)
Seal off a ten-block radius. Get me the SWAT team and an ambulance, double quick. We're going up.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT (DIMLY LIT)

HIGH ANGLE on Sgt. Tate as he leads a five-man squad, all in bulletproof vests, up the stone stairs. They move fast but carefully, covering each other from landing to landing with drawn revolvers, shotguns. The distant Bach MUSIC makes a ghostly echo in here...

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DIMLY LIT)

A thin rectangle of light on the floor from the open elevator door. We can't see inside. The MUSIC sounds closer.

SGT. TATE

approaches very cautiously, gun aimed. The other cops, behind him, fan out silently to set up angles of fire, checking the various office doors - all locked - as they creep up.

MOVING ANGLE - OVER TATE'S SHOULDER -

as he reaches the side of the elevator, hesitates, then spins to point his gun inside. It's empty. He backs away.

SGT. TATE
(shouts at ceiling)
Pembry? Boyle...?

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - NIGHT (BRIGHTLY LIT)

ANGLE on the door, from inside, its lettering reversed on the frosted glass. The Bach is VERY LOUD. After a moment the door is shouldered open, hard enough for the glass to shatter, Tate following his gun inside, moving low, then other cops appear-

ing behind him in the doorframe. They all freeze, staring in utter horror.

SGT. TATE
Oh no... no...

THEIR POV -

is a brief snapshot from hell. The two uniformed bodies, one sprawled on its back near the door, the other still in the cell, have been savaged by a knife. Blood and gore everywhere. The faces are unrecognizable.

SGT. TATE -

struggles for control, as the other cops move grimly around him, into the room. He pulls his walkie-talkie from his belt.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
(into mike)
Command post... Two offi-
(a beat; clears his throat)
Two officers down. Prisoner is missing. Repeat, Quinn is missing... He's stripped the bed, might be making a rope, check all windows. Where the fuck is my ambulance?

IN THE CELL -

a cop angrily punches OFF the music. Jacobs kneels with his fingers on Boyle's neck.

JACOBS
Boyle is dead, Sarge. His gun's gone...

AT THE OTHER BODY -

a cop gently removes a revolver from the bloody fist. Murray, the young patrolman, brings his ear reluctantly close to the gory face. A bloody bubble appears there; the wreckage GROANS, very softly.

MURRAY
This one's alive!

Tate crosses, kneels to see for himself. Murray looks green.

SGT. TATE
Take ahold of him where he can feel your hands, son. Talk to him.

MURRAY
What's his name, Sarge?

SGT. TATE
It's Pembry, now talk to him, God dammit.
(into radio, looking around)
Boyle's dead, Pembry's real bad. Quinn is missing and armed - he took Boyle's gun...

The other cop, checking the cylinder of Pembry's gun, holds up one finger to Tate.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
(into radio)
Pembry got off one round - there's a chance Quinn was hit. We heard a total of three shots fired, so he's got four left... He's got a knife, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

VARIOUS ANGLES on a floodlit scene of barely controlled pandemonium. Flashing red lights, men shouting commands, SIRENS in the distance. SWAT members, in full gear, leap from a black van... fan out... swarm up the steps... EMS orderlies unload a gurney from an ambulance... Cops kneel for cover behind cars, aiming guns and rifles up at the windows...

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - NIGHT

A trio of EMS orderlies work fast over the body, already strapped on its gurney. They bandage a big plastic airway into place, over the butchered face, checking for a pulse at the neck. Young Murray crouches, sickened, gripping a bloody fist.

MURRAY
You're just fine, Pembry, lookin' good, buddy, you're gonna make it...

One orderly massages the heart. Another is popping a plasma bag, ready to insert the needle, when the body starts convulsing.

ORDERLY
Downstairs - let's go!

Quickly the gurney is elevated, wheeled out of the room, with cops rushing forward to open the doors, help push. SWAT men are running by in the hall, automatic rifles at the ready...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ELEVATOR - DESCENDING - NIGHT

Sgt. Tate, riding down with Jacobs, has his radio out.

SGT. TATE
(into mike)
Ten-four, Lieutenant, I'm on the ele-
vator, bringing it down. Pembry and
Boyle are both cleared, top three
floors secured, main stairwell secured.
He's somewhere on -

A spot of blood falls on his cheek. He and Jacobs stare at each other. Another spot hits his shoulder. They look up.

THEIR POV -

Blood is dripping slowly from the corner of the service hatch.

SGT. TATE

motions for silence, as both men softly draw their guns.

SGT. TATE
(into mike)
Uh, we're pretty sure he's somewhere on
two, sir... That's all for now, over.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open, and Tate and Jacobs hurry out, stepping quickly to the side. Tate reaches back in and -

CLOSE ANGLE -

locks the elevator into position, with its doors open.

OTHER COPS

are rushing up to them, curious, as Tate frantically pushes them aside, gesturing for silence.

SGT. TATE
(whispers)
He's on the roof of the elevator!

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Two SWAT officers, PETERSON and KUBELL, turn a key, unlocking and opening this floor's elevator doorway. The shaft is dark.

Lying prone, they inch up to the edge. Peterson extends a mirror, on a long pole, out into the shaft.

IN THE MIRROR (DISTORTED BY THE ANGLE) -

is a distant figure, in a green prison jumpsuit, lying on his stomach, atop the elevator. A shiny revolver is near one hand.

PETERSON

whispers into a radio, as Kubell carefully tips an assault rifle, with a flashlight taped to its barrel, over the edge.

PETERSON
I see him... There's a weapon by his hand. He's not moving...

RADIO VOICE
Can you get the drop?

PETERSON
We got the drop.

RADIO VOICE
One warning. Then take him out.

Peterson nods to Kubell, who switches ON the flashlight, as Peterson shouts down the shaft.

PETERSON
QUINN!! PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD!!

IN THE MIRROR -

the green figure shows no movement.

ANGLE ON THE COPS AGAIN

as Peterson mutters to Kubell.

PETERSON (contd.)
Put one in his leg.

VERY CLOSE ON

the figure below, as Kubell's gunshot ROARS, echoing hugely in the shaft, and a slug rips through the jumpsuited leg. The figure doesn't stir.

PETERSON

staring down the shaft, raises his mike again.

PETERSON (contd.)
No movement.

RADIO VOICE
Okay, Johnny, hold your fire...

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

A small army of cops is now covering the elevator doorway, from both sides. Tate crouches next to the SWAT COMMANDER.

SWAT COMMANDER
(into radio mike)
We're coming into the car, we're opening the hatch. Watch his hands. Any fire will come from us. Affirm?

PETERSON'S VOICE
Got it.

The SWAT commander hands his radio to another cop, then looks at Tate. A long, tense moment. Then he waves a signal.

MOVING ANGLE

as we follow a picked team of four SWAT cops, in full body armor, rushing into the elevator car. Two men move to the corners, aim assault rifles at the ceiling. A third man sets a stepladder in place, and the fourth man, armed with a big Colt, hurries up the ladder and unclips the hatch.

CLOSE ON

the service hatch, as the hinged cover drops open, and a body tumbles through, dangling head first, until it's caught at the waist. We see the back of the head.

SGT. TATE

shoulders through the SWAT cops for a closer look. He turns towards the SWAT commander, astonished.

SGT. TATE
That's Pembry!

CUT TO:

INT. EMS AMBULANCE - MOVING

In the rear chamber, a young EMS ATTENDANT is braced against the vehicle's sway. Behind him, the stretchered form of his patient, and, through a curtained opening, the driver. SOUND of the siren.

ATTENDANT
(into radio mike)
He's comatose, but his vital signs are good. Pressure's 130 over 90... Yeah, 90! Pulse 85...

Behind him, in slightly BLURRED FOCUS, the bloody figure sits slowly upright...

ATTENDANT (contd.)
His convulsions have stopped, but he's got so much loose skin on his face, it's hard to tell if -

Suddenly he stops, becoming aware of a strange HISSING. He turns, puzzled...

THE POCKETKNIFE BLADE -

in Quinn's fist, flashes high in the air...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIX-LANE FREEWAY - NIGHT (ARC LIGHTS)

MOVING ANGLE on the EMS ambulance, as it races along normally, its SIREN blaring, the heavy flow of traffic parting to make way for it. Then suddenly it begins to weave erratically, changing lanes, before drifting dangerously to a full stop, almost sideways. Cars swerve to avoid hitting it, HONKING angrily...

CLOSER ANGLE

on the stopped ambulance. After a long, still moment, the windshield wipers come on, incongruously, then stop. Then the SIREN is shut OFF, and the flashers. The ambulance starts rolling again - at first jerkingly, then with increasing speed. We follow it for several more moments, until it passes - and we LINGER on...

A BIG GREEN INTERSTATE SIGN -

that reads "Memphis International Airport / 2 miles."

CLOSE ANGLE - THROUGH AMBULANCE WINDSHIELD

Dr. Quinn's face is slowly REVEALED, as he wipes across it with a fistful of gauze, tossing it aside...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MONTANA PLAIN - DUSK - (IN FLASHBACK)

MOVING ANGLE, rushing with dizzy swiftness over the prairie, over waving grasses... a long passage... before we come at last

to the girl Clarice, sitting with her lamb, hunched in despair. She rises, her face tear-stained, and turns from us. Holding the lamb, she starts back the way she came...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - NIGHT - BRIGHT MOONLIGHT

MOVING ANGLE, very rapid, down this road... coming at last to a stopped highway patrol car. Clarice, with her lamb, is standing in the car's headlights. She starts wearily towards the sheriff...

CUT TO:

EXT. RANCH BARNYARD - NEAR DAWN

CRANE ANGLE - sweeping rapidly DOWN into the barnyard towards the arriving highway patrol car, as it stops... RUSHING to the little girl as she steps from the car, holding the lamb. The dark figure of the rancher ENTERS FRAME. As he roughly takes the lamb from her, we HOLD on a CLOSEUP of her face - stunned, blank. She EXITS FRAME...

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - DAWN

MOVING ANGLE - Clarice's POV - as she walks towards the open barn doorway... It looms CLOSER... The rancher is revealed, a shadowy figure, pinning the lamb on his killing table. His knife hand sweeps up high, then holds... He turns TO CAMERA, his face breaking into the light - and it is the face of Dr. Quinn. He smiles his terrible smile at the young Clarice...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI DORM - PAY PHONE IN HALLWAY - NIGHT

MOVING ANGLE - coming in very CLOSE on the adult Clarice's face - shocked, devastated - as she stands alone by the dangling receiver...

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER STALL - FBI DORM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a shower head, as water suddenly blasts out. Clarice moves INTO SHOT, as she scrubs her face and hair compulsively, almost desperately, unable to get clean...

ARDELIA (V.O.)
They found the ambulance...

CUT TO:

INT. CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Clarice is hunched on her cot, in a bathrobe, her hair wet. The Buffalo Bill case file, a thick bundle, rests by her feet. Ardelia hovers anxiously nearby.

ARDELIA (contd.)
In the parking garage at Memphis airport. The crew was dead. He killed a tourist, too. Got his clothes, cash... By now he could be anywhere.

Clarice looks up. Her eyes are red-rimmed with exhaustion, and something close to despair. She reads Ardelia's thought.

CLARICE
No. He won't come after me.

ARDELIA
Why not?

CLARICE
(bitterly)
It would be rude. And he wouldn't get to ask any more questions...

Ardelia sits beside her, touches her arm.

ARDELIA
Clarice - you did the best anybody could have for Catherine Martin. You stuck your neck out for her and you got your butt kicked for her and you tried. It's not your fault it ended this way.

CLARICE
The worst part - the thing that's making me crazy - is that Bill is right in front of me. Only I can't see him...
(touching the case file)
Quinn said, everything I need to catch him is right here, in these pages...

ARDELIA
Quinn said a lot of things.

CLARICE
(shakes her head)
He's here, Ardelia.

Ardelia stares back at her. SOUND UPCUT - the low throb of a washing machine...

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - ACADEMY DORM - NIGHT (VERY LATE)

Clarice has spread out the case file across two washing machines. Ardelia, cross-legged on a dryer, studies another pile of forms. Nearby is their laundry basket, detergent box.

ARDELIA
(surprised)
Hey, is this Quinn's handwriting?

She holds up the map, with its location markings for the kidnapping and body dump sites. Clarice takes it, looks.

INSERT - THE MAP -

with newly inked words in Dr. Quinn's precise, elegant hand.

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
Clarice, doesn't this random scattering of sites seem overdone to you? Doesn't it seem desperately random - like the elaborations of a bad liar? Ta... Gideon Quinn.

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT

as Clarice looks up at Ardelia, puzzled but excited.

CLARICE
"Desperately random." What does he mean?

ARDELIA
Not random at all, maybe. Like there's some pattern here...?

CLARICE
But there is no pattern. There's no connection at all among these places, or the computers would've nailed it! They're even found in random order.

ARDELIA
Well, except for the one girl.

CLARICE
(beat)
What girl?

ARDELIA
The one that was weighted down. Where is she...? Fred something.

They search among the inserts. Clarice finds the graduation photo.

CLARICE
Fredrica Bimmel, from Belvedere, Ohio. The first girl taken, but the third body found... Why?

ARDELIA
'Cause she didn't drift. He weighted her down.

CLARICE
But why? He didn't weight the others.

Clarice moves, on fire, unable to keep still.

CLARICE (contd.)
The first, what the hell did Quinn say about... "First principles," he said. Simplicity... What does this guy do, he "covets." How do we first start to covet? "We covet what we see - "

She stops, turns. She grabs the photo of Fredrica from Ardelia, stares at it. She looks up, trembling.

CLARICE
"- every day."

ARDELIA
(softly)
Hot damn, Clarice.

CLARICE (V.O.)
He knew her...!

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - DAY

Clarice and Campbell are seated in front of Director Burke, who's at his desk. Another chair is empty, because Krendler is pacing. All four are nearing their boiling points.

CLARICE (contd.)
Maybe he lives in this, this Belvedere, Ohio, too! Maybe he saw her every day, and killed her sort of spontaneously. Maybe he just meant to... give her a 7-Up and talk about the choir. But then -

KRENDLER
Starling -

CLARICE
But then he had to cover up, make her seem just like all the rest of them. That's what Quinn was hinting!

KRENDLER
The market in Quinn hints is way down, today, okay? I've got two good men dead in Memphis, and three civilians. I've got -

CAMPBELL
Who the hell's fault is -

KRENDLER
- a U.S. Senator who's half out of her head because her daughter's going to be murdered today! And all because of your mind games with fucking Quinn!

CAMPBELL
If you hadn't interfered, he'd still be in custody in Baltimore!

BURKE
Ray -

KRENDLER
You sent in a green recruit, with a phony goddamn offer -

CAMPBELL
You're just trying to cover your ass for letting him escape!

BURKE
THAT'S ENOUGH! All of you...

A long silence, as they all struggle to regain composure. Campbell, who was at the point of striking Krendler, finally retakes his seat. Burke looks sadly at Campbell and Clarice.

BURKE (contd.)
(very reluctantly)
Starling, I'm afraid I have no choice. You're suspended from the Academy.
(Campbell starts to interrupt)
Not another word!
(to Clarice)
This is pending a reevaluation of your fitness for the service. I promise you'll get a fair hearing.
(pause)
Ray... you're ordered to take compassionate leave. You'll spend the rest of the day

BURKE (contd.)
briefing the AG's office, then transfer command of the task force, effective by 1800 hours.
(beat)
I'm sorry, Ray... Go home. Take care of Bella.

Clarice and Campbell stare back at him, drained. A long and very painful silence. Not even Krendler looks happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE FBI BUILDING - DAY

Clarice and Campbell walk out slowly, stand there a moment, not knowing what to say, not wanting to face each other.

CLARICE
All his victims are women... His obsession is women, he lives to hunt women. But not one woman is hunting him - except me. I can walk in a woman's room and know three times as much about her as a man would.
(beat)
I have to go to Belvedere.

CAMPBELL
You heard them. I don't have that authority anymore.

CLARICE
You do until six p.m.

He stares at her sadly. He looks, for the first time, defeated, old beyond his years.

CAMPBELL
Ohio is cold ground. Picked over, ten months ago. Our people worked it, so did the locals.

CLARICE
But not from this angle. Not thinking he knew her. You've got to send me!

CAMPBELL
I'm Bureau for 28 years, Starling. I won't disobey orders, not even now.

CLARICE
But I just became a private citizen. I can go anywhere I want to.

CAMPBELL
With ID and a gun...? ~~Impersonating~~ a federal agent is a felony.

CLARICE
He's going to kill her, Mr. Campbell. This morning, or maybe at noon, but today, and Belvedere's our last chance. I'm flying there, right now, unless you stop me. You want my ID? Here - take it...

He stares at her, a long moment. Catherine's life. Clarice's passion, and future. His loyalty to the Bureau. Call it.

CAMPBELL
(pulls out his wallet)
There's about $300 here... And a hot-line code number. They'll patch you through to me, wherever I am.

She raises her hand to him. She wants to touch his face, or his neck, but can't. Finally she takes his money and card.

CLARICE
Thank you.

He watches, frightened for both of them, as she backs away, smiles, then turns, racing towards the surveillance van. SOUND UPCUT - the scratchy recording of Fats Waller SINGING, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

CLOSE ON the needle of the Victrola, on the spinning record, as Mr. Gumb's fingers lift away. MUSIC continues in b.g.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
(calling out)
Preeeeecious...!

CLOSE ON the moth cage, as Mr. Gumb's fingers search through the humus, and find a plump new cocoon, lifting it out. The door of the cage is left open, and one or two of the adult moths flutter out.

MR. GUMB (contd.,O.S.)
Precious, come on Precious! Busybusy day today...

CLOSE ON a clean towel, beside the sink. The cocoon is gently placed in readiness alongside four shiny skinning knives.

MR. GUMB (contd., O.S.)
Momma's gonna be sooo beautiful!

CLOSE ON a stainless steel Colt Python, with a six-inch barrel, as the cylinder is spun, and the hammer gets a practice cock. The metallic CLICK is deep and loud. A note of alarm has entered Mr. Gumb's voice.

MR. GUMB (contd., O.S.)
You come here this minute, you little scamp!

LONG ANGLE on Mr. Gumb, wearing his kimono, as he walks through his sewing workroom. His back is to us; he is looking anxiously under the furniture. He stops, straightens. Genuinely scared.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Precious...?

LOW ANGLE - OVER THE PIT OPENING -

towards Mr. Gumb, as he stops at one of the doorways of the oubliette chamber. He stares inside; his face in shadows.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Sweetheart...?

From the distant bottom of the pit, we hear Catherine's voice.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
She's down here you sack of shit.

Mr. Gumb's fist flies to his mouth, and he sags against the doorframe. A little groan escapes him; the dog answers with a series of YIPS.

UPWARD ANGLE, FROM THE PIT BOTTOM

as Mr. Gumb's dark shape leans cautiously over the edge.

MR. GUMB
Precious, are you all right?

REVERSE ANGLE ON CATHERINE -

crouched to one side, clutching the dog to her chest. Seeing Mr. Gumb, the dog squirms frantically, BARKING.

CATHERINE
Get me a telephone. Lower it down to me. Do it now, mister! I don't want to have to hurt this little dog.

UPWARD ANGLE

on Mr. Gumb, as, with a cry of fury, he whips the Colt from inside his kimono. The muzzle gleams as he takes aim.

CATHERINE

yanks the dog up, into his line of fire, screaming at him.

CATHERINE
You shoot motherfucker you better kill me quick or I´ll break her fucking neck, I swear to God!

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
(wails)
Noooooooo!

Tucking the dog under one arm, she grabs its muzzle, twisting the head. The dog WHINES piteously.

CATHERINE
Back off, you son of a bitch! Back off!

UPWARD ANGLE

as Mr. Gumb cries out again - a terrible, inarticulate scream of rage and anguish. But then he slowly lowers his gun.

REVERSE ANGLE

on Catherine, as she maintains her grip.

CATHERINE (contd.)
That´s better... Now get me a live telephone. Get a long extension and lower it down here... And you better do it fast, too, ´cause I think her leg´s broken. She´s in pain, mister, she needs a vet.

MR. GUMB

stares down at her, a long beat, breathing heavily.

MR. GUMB
You think she´s in pain? You don´t know what pain is. But you´re going to find out...

And abruptly he vanishes. SOUND of his footsteps, rushing off.

CATHERINE

begins shaking, hands and arms twitching uncontrollably. She hugs the little dog tight to her chest, buries her face in

its fur, sobbing...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - BELVEDERE, OHIO - DAY

HIGH ANGLE as a rented sedan pulls up to the curb, stops. After a moment Clarice climbs out, a bit stiffly. Double-checking this address, she glances up from a folded street map to -

AN OLD, THREE-STORY WOODEN HOUSE

in a row of similarly shabby homes, all backing onto a narrow river. A path of boards, laid over mud, leads back along this house towards the brown water. SOUND of hammering from there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIMMEL HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

An awesome huddle of pigeon coops sprawls by the brackish water. The birds' COOING mixes with the HAMMERING. A tall, gaunt man in a knit cap is obsessively pounding nails into a new coop.

CLARICE

approaches him, and the man lowers his hammer. He has red-rimmed eyes of watery blue. His face is deeply seamed.

CLARICE
Mr. Bimmel...?

He stares back at her, warily.

CUT TO:

INT. BIMMEL HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN - as Mr. Bimmel leads Clarice up a steep flight of steps. The bannister is worn, sags a bit.

MR. BIMMEL
I don't know nothin' new to tell ya. The police been back here so many times already... Fredrica went into Columbus on the bus to see about a job. She left the interview o.k. She never come home.

Clarice pauses, at the landing, to look at a framed photo: the familiar graduation portrait. Others pictures show Fredrica as a young girl, toddler, infant - plump and hopeful at each age.

MR. BIMMEL (contd.)
Her room's how she left it. Just shut the door when you're done.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDRICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLARICE'S POV - MOVING SLOWLY - as she takes in flowery chintz curtains... posters of Madonna and Blondie... a twin bed, with worn, stuffed animals on the pillow... . a big sewing machine in the corner.

CLARICE

turns, absorbing nuances. There is loneliness here, an echo of desperation under this steeply pitched ceiling. A shrill MEOW, and she looks down...

A BIG TORTOISESHELL CAT

is rubbing against her ankles.

CLARICE

picks up the cat, scratches behind his ears. She glances up.

IN A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR -

she and the cat stare back at their own reflections...

CUT TO:

Clarice, sitting at the desk, turns the pages of a high school yearbook. The cat is curled on her lap...

CUT TO:

Clarice, kneeling by the old Decca record player, flips through LPs and singles. The cat has wandered off...

CUT TO:

Clarice pulling a string to light up the closet. She is surprised and intrigued to see an extensive wardrobe, groaning from the rod. A shelf above the rod is stacked high with sewing supplies, in clear plexiboxes. She flips through the hanging clothes, pulls out one dress, on its hanger, for a closer look.

THE DRESS

is very big, to fit Fredrica, but beautifully cut. Some of the seams still look unfinished. She turns it around, sees a blue tissue dressmaker's pattern still pinned to the back.

FAVORING THE SEWING MACHINE -

as Clarice turns, looks towards it. She hangs the dress on the closet door knob, crosses to sit at the machine. She takes off its dust cover. She runs one hand over the cool metal, as a taunting memory forms in her mind.

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
Billy wants to change, too, Clarice. But there's the problem of his size, you see...

She turns, looks again at the unfinished dress. Suddenly she straightens, her attention riveted by something...

CLARICE'S POV -

On the printed pattern, down at the lower back of the outlined dress, are two bold black triangles. We RUSH CLOSER to these shapes, before jumping back to -

CLARICE

who stares at them, starting to tremble.

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
Even if he were a woman, he'd have to be a big one...

IN FLASHBACK -

those missing triangles of skin on the dead girl's back, in the funeral home in West Virginia...

CLOSE ON CLARICE

as she jumps to her feet, with a fierce joy.

CLARICE
Sewing darts. You bastard.

CUT TO:

INT. BIMMEL PARLOR - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Clarice paces, in an exuberant rush, amidst the worn furniture.

CLARICE
(into phone)
He's making himself a "woman suit," Mr. Campbell - out of real women! And he can sew, this guy, he's really skilled. A dressmaker, or a tailor -

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Starling -

CLARICE
That's why they're all so big - because he needs a lot of skin! He keeps them alive to starve them awhile - to loosen their skin, so that -

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Starling, we know who he is! And where he is. We're on our way now.

CLARICE
(pause; surprised)
Where?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI TURBOJET - FLYING - DAY

Campbell sits at a communications console, with Burroughs, in headphones, by his side. This forward section of the cabin is crammed with hi-tech equipment, all lit up and WHIRRING. Through a window we see clouds, part of the jet's wing.

CAMPBELL
(into speaker phone)
Calumet City, edge of Chicago. I'll be on the ground in 45 minutes with the Hostage Rescue Team. I'm back in charge, Starling. He's mine.

INTERCUTTING -

as Clarice reacts; her happiness for Campbell is tinged with disappointment at being so suddenly out of the hunt.

CLARICE
(on phone)
Sir, that's great news. But how -

CAMPBELL
Johns Hopkins finally came up with a name for us. We fed him into Known Offenders, and he came up cherries.
(takes a paper from Burroughs)
Subject's name is "Jamie Gumb," AKA "John Grant." Quinn's description was accurate, he just lied about the name.

INSIDE THE JET - MOVING ANGLE -

from the rear of the cabin forward, as we slowly PASS the twelve-man HRT. They're seated in full gear, hardshell armor, quietly checking and rechecking their bulging cases of weapons - silencer automatics, shotguns, stun grenades...

CAMPBELL (contd., O.S.)
This Gumb's a real beauty. *Slaughtered* both his grandparents when he was twelve, and did nine years in juvenile psychiatric. Where, Starling, he took vocational rehab, and learned a useful trade...

INTERCUTTING -

CLARICE
Sewing...

CAMPBELL
Take a bow. Customs had some paper on his alias. They stopped a carton two years ago at LAX - live caterpillars from Surinam. The addressee was "John Grant." Calumet Power & Light's given us two possible residences under that alias. We're hitting one, Chicago SWAT's taking the other.

CLARICE
(eagerly)
Chicago's only about 400 miles from here. I could be there in -

CAMPBELL
No, Starling, there isn't time. And you've still got crucial work to do in Ohio. We want him for murder, not kidnapping. I'm counting on you to link him to the Bimmel girl, before he's indicted.

Clarice tries hard to swallow her disappointment.

CLARICE
Yes sir... I'll do my best.

CAMPBELL
(pause; gently)
Starling - you've earned back your place in the Academy. We never would've found him without you, and nobody's ever going to forget that. Least of all me.

CLARICE
Yes sir. Thank you, sir...

CAMPBELL

switches off, feeling bad for her. On the console near him, the fax machine starts to CHATTER. He turns, looks.

BURROUGHS (O.S.)
Here he comes, Ray.

CLOSE ON

an emerging sheet, as Gumb's face is printed out. We see just his hair, then the top of his forehead, before we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BIMMEL BACK YARD - DAY

Clarice walks slowly across the yard, absorbing all this news, before suddenly leaping into the air and pumping her fist in triumph, with a happy yelp. Then she sees -

MR. BIMMEL

staring at her in surprise. He sits by his coops, smoking.

CLARICE

somewhat embarrassed, crosses over to him.

CLARICE
Mr. Bimmel... did Fredrica ever mention a man named Jamie Gumb, from Calumet City? Or John Grant?
(He shakes his head)
Did she know any men that sew?

MR. BIMMEL
She sewed for everybody. Stores, ladies, whatever. I don't know about men.

CLARICE
Who was her best friend, Mr. Bimmel? Who'd she hang out with?

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ISOLATED RUNWAY · O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

The FBI turbojet is parked, its gangway down. Campbell, Burroughs, and the HRT squad, carrying their bags of weapons, CLATTER rapidly down the metal steps...

STACY (V.O.)
Freaked me out. Get your skin peeled off, is that a bummer...?

CUT TO:

INT. SAVINGS & LOAN - BELVEDERE - DAY

STACY HUBKA - short, perky, early 20's - sits nervously at her desk, talking to Clarice, who jots in her notebook. In the b.g. beyond them, bank tellers, lines of waiting customers, MUZAK.

STACY (contd.)
They said she was just rags, like somebody -

CLARICE
Stacy, did Fredrica ever mention a man named Jamie Gumb? Or John Grant?
(Stacy shakes her head)
Do you think she could've had a friend you didn't know about?

STACY
No way. She had a guy, I'da known, believe me. Sewing was her life, she was really great at it. Poor Freddie.

CLARICE
Did you ever work with her?

STACY
Oh sure, me'n Pam Malavesi used to help her do alterations for old Mrs. Lippman. Lots of people worked for her, she had the business from all these retail stores? But she was like, totally old, it was more'n she could handle.

CLARICE
Where does Mrs. Lippman live? I'd like to talk to her.

STACY
She died. She went to Florida to retire, like two years ago? She died down there.

Clarice reacts, disappointed at the ending of this trail.

STACY (contd.)
(beat; shyly)
Is that a pretty good job, FBI agent?

CLARICE
I think so.

STACY
You get to travel around and stuff?
I mean, better places than this?

CLARICE
Sometimes you do.

STACY
Freddie was so happy for me when I got this job. This - toaster giveaways, and Barry Manilow on the speakers all day - she thought this was really hot shit. What did she know, big dummy...

Suddenly she's fighting tears. Clarice reaches to hug her.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CALUMET CITY, ILLINOIS - DAY

WIDE ANGLE on what appears to be, at first, a calm, ordinary neighborhood of working class two- and three-story houses. But the street is strangely quiet, deserted. After a few moments, we become aware of movement - armed, dark-clad figures creeping swiftly and in silence from shrubs to garage corners, from parked cars to porches, appearing and then disappearing...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

CLOSE ON Mr. Gumb, as he settles a big pair of infra-red night-vision goggles over his eyes. Moths flutter past his face. His mouth is set in a grim line...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - FRONT YARD - DAY

An HRT cop, prone beneath a hedge, is joined by a 2nd HRT Cop, who throws himself to the grass beside him. They both take aim with their scoped rifles at -

TELEPHOTO ANGLE (WITH RIFLE CROSSHAIRS) -

The front door of a big, nearby, split-level house...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

CLOSE ON a fuse box, as Mr. Gumb reaches in, flips a switch. The lights go out. SOUND of a second switch, and the cellar is bathed in a green glow...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

A little boy, riding his tricycle in his driveway, is suddenly startled to find himself staring into the grim face of -

A MEMBER OF THE HRT -

crouched by his garage, armed to the teeth. As the little boy starts to cry, the cop pulls him into the shadows, covering his mouth...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

Mr. Gumb, in his kimono and goggles, creeps silently through his workrooms - knees bent, painted toes placed ever so delicately, the Colt held aloft - as more moths flutter past him in the eerie light...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - DAY

A florist's van turns the corner, comes slowly down the street and stops at the curb in front of the split-level. The driver, in a gray deliveryman's uniform and cap, climbs out of the cab, walks briskly to the panel door, on the street side of the van, and slides it open. He leans in, comes out with a long, thin red-ribboned floral box, starts calmly towards the house...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

MR. GUMB'S POV - MOVING ANGLE - on the top of the oubliette, a glowing green circle in the dark, as it draws closer and closer... and then Catherine comes INTO VIEW, at the bottom of the pit. She is crouched, exhausted, staring straight up at him - but she can't see him in this infra-red darkness. Precious is curled into her stomach, asleep. The futon is up to Catherine's waist, but there's a clear shot at her head and neck.

MR. GUMB -

looking down at her, smiles...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - SUSPECT'S HOUSE - DAY

MOVING ANGLE on the "deliveryman," seen from behind, as he mounts three steps to the split-level's front porch. Tucked into the small of his back is a 9 mm. automatic.

CAMPBELL AND BURROUGHS

have slipped out of the van, and are crouched behind it now, with drawn guns, watching tensely as -

THE "DELIVERYMAN"

settles the floral box in the crook of his left arm, reaches out with his right hand towards the buzzer...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

Slowly, savoring the moment, Mr. Gumb aims the big Colt, which is already cocked, using both hands... He is just about to squeeze the trigger, when we hear his DOOR BUZZER, surprisingly loud and close by. He turns, startled, and sees -

A DUSTY BLACK METAL BOX -

the extension buzzer, mounted high on the wall, which is making the hideous, grating JANGLE. It finally stops, but not before waking Precious, who starts frantically BARKING, O.S., as -

MR. GUMB

raises his gun again, spinning back towards -

HIS POV - THE PIT BOTTOM -

where Catherine, hearing but still not seeing him, quickly yanks the futon over both herself and the dog. Instantly the two of them become one squirming, indistinguishable mass.

MR. GUMB

bites his lip, his aim wavering, as he can't decide where to safely place his shot. The maddening BUZZER sounds again, even more insistently, and he cries out with frustration and fury. But as the BUZZER continues, he reluctantly uncocks his gun, looking up angrily towards his front door...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

The door opens, on a chain, and Clarice peers in, smiling.

CLARICE
Good afternoon... I wonder if you could help me. I'm looking for Mrs. Lippman's family?

Mr. Gumb frowns out at Clarice. For the first time ever, we get a well-lit view of his bland, pale-eyed moon of a face.

MR. GUMB
They don't live here anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY

The "deliveryman" yanks a 12 lb. sledgehammer from the floral box, swings it with all his might against the door knob, blowing it through, as -

MOVING ANGLE

Campbell and Burroughs race towards the door, guns up...

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Mr. Gumb starts to close the door, only to have Clarice push back against it, politely but firmly. She holds up her ID.

CLARICE
Excuse me, but I really do need to talk to you. This was Mrs. Lippman's house. Did you know her?

MR. GUMB
(beat)
Just briefly. What's the problem, Officer?

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY - DAY

A bedroom window disintegrates as a flash grenade is shot through it, EXPLODING on the floor. An instant later, a black-clad HRT cop dives through the shattered glass, rolls across the floor, comes up on one knee swivelling his sawed-off shotgun...

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Clarice and Mr. Gumb, still eyeing each other through the door crack...

CLARICE
I'm investigating the death of Fredrica Bimmel. Who are you, please?

MR. GUMB
Jack Gordon.

CLARICE
Mr. Gordon, did you know Fredrica when she worked for Mrs. Lippman?

MR. GUMB
No. Wait... Was she a great, fat person? I may have seen her, I'm not sure...

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY - DAY

MOVING ANGLE as Burroughs moves quickly down a hallway and enters the living room, where Campbell is standing, with his gun held down by his side, surrounded by several other cops. Burroughs shakes his head: Nothing here...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Gumb glances briefly over his shoulder, towards his kitchen, then turns back to Clarice with a smile.

MR. GUMB
Mrs. Lippman had a son, maybe he could help you. I have his card somewhere. Do you mind stepping inside, while I look for it?

CLARICE
Thanks.

ANGLE FAVORING THE COLT PYTHON

which rests on a counter, just inside the open kitchen doorway. THROUGH this doorway, we watch as Mr. Gumb, at the end of his front hall, slips the chain. Clarice enters, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD OF SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY - DAY

MOVING ANGLE - towards the front door, as frustrated HRT cops file out of the empty house, rifles slung across their shoulders.

WE PICK OUT CAMPBELL -

walking across the grass towards the van, when all at once he stops in his tracks, shaken by a sudden flash of intuition.

CAMERA RUSHES VERY CLOSE

on his stricken face...

CAMPBELL
Clarice.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S PARLOR - DAY

Clarice, pulling her notebook from her shoulder bag, glances around the musty-looking room.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
That horrible business, I shiver every time I think about it...

Overstuffed furniture, porcelain figurines. One archway onto the front hall, another onto a dining alcove, and through there, the kitchen. Mr. Gumb is crossing to a rolltop desk, raising the top. He bends over, begins poking through cubby holes. His tone is casual, neutral.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Are they close to catching somebody, do you think?

CLARICE
I think we may be, yes.

Mr. Gumb stiffens, almost imperceptibly. His back is to her, as he continues opening drawers, rustling papers.

CLARICE (contd.)
Mr. Gordon, did you take over this place after Mrs. Lippman died?

MR. GUMB
Yes. I bought the house from her, two years ago.

CLARICE
Did she leave any records here? Tax or business records? Maybe a list of employees?

CLOSE ON MR. GUMB'S BACK

as he continues his rummaging.

MR. GUMB
No, nothing at all. Has the FBI learned something? Because the police here don't seem to have the first clue...

Out of the folds of his kimono crawls a Death's-head Moth. It creeps slowly to the center of his back, raising its wings.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Do you have his description yet, or some fingerprints...?

CLARICE -

unaware, is still glancing around the room. For several agonizing moments, we think she won't see the moth - but then she turns, does see it, and her eyes freeze. A beat of pure fear. A tremendous struggle to keep her voice calm.

CLARICE
No... no, we don't.

Very carefully, she drops her notebook back into her bag, lowers the bag to the floor. With her fingertips she brushes back the edge of her blazer, loosening its drape.

MR. GUMB

turns back towards her cheerfully, holding out a business card.

MR. GUMB
Ahhh. Here's that number.

CLARICE

keeps her distance. They are about ten feet apart.

CLARICE
Good, thank you. Mr. Gordon, do you have a phone I can use?

MR. GUMB

is about to reply when the moth suddenly flies up from behind him, flutters past his face. He turns, looking at it. He looks back at Clarice, his mouth still open.

HER EYES

are unmoving, locked on his.

HIS EYES

stare back at her, widen. And they know each other.

MR. GUMB
(softly)
In the kitchen. I'll show you.

CLARICE

whips her gun out, gripping it in both shaking hands.

CLARICE
Freeze!

MR. GUMB

slowly tilts his head to one side, smiles at her.

CLARICE

tries to force more authority into her voice.

CLARICE
Okay... Okay, Mr. Gumb, you're under arrest. Down on the floor, hands and legs spread, move it.

MR. GUMB

turns, then all at once, in two quick steps, he is gone, disappearing into his dining alcove, then kitchen.

CLARICE

hesitates, just a split second, to shoot him in the back - and then it's too late.

CLARICE
Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Clarice hurries inside, moving low, swivelling her gun.

HER POV - MOVING -

The kitchen is empty. To one side, a door still shuddering on its hinges...

CLARICE

rushes to this - pauses - then elbows the door aside, aiming her gun down -

AN EMPTY STAIRWELL -

brightly lit, leading to the cellar. Two doors facing the bottom, both open. No sign of Mr. Gumb.

CLARICE

hates this, hates this, which door, it's a trap, what to do; she is very scared, but suddenly hears -

ANGLE ON THE STAIRWELL AGAIN -

the distant SCREAM of Catherine Martin, somewhere down there in that killing maze.

CLARICE

rushes through the doorway, and down the stairs.

BEHIND HER, ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER

there's an empty space; the Colt Python is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY

MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE - hurrying down the steps. More SCREAMS; they seem to be coming from the left door. Clarice goes that way, entering a brick-walled passage - pipes overhead, naked bulbs. The lighting, though dim, is incandescent; Mr. Gumb has switched off his infra-red system. Clarice comes to a T-shaped intersection, stops. Another SCREAM, again to her left, and the BARKING of a dog...

CLARICE

follows her gun around the corner, looking right.

EMPTY PASSAGEWAY -

but doors opening off it - he could be lurking behind any of them. She looks left... sees an opening onto some kind of chamber. The noises are LOUDER coming from there.

CLARICE

moves cautiously towards this chamber...

CUT TO:

INT. OUBLIETTE CHAMBER - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Clarice moves in, hugging the wall, gun swivelling...

HER POV - MOVING -

the open top of the pit... beyond it, the other two doorways, opening onto this room - Jesus, he could come through either one of them, or come up behind her... She moves to the pit, looks down, very briefly, sees Catherine SCREAMING, hysterical, and a little white dog BARKING...

CLARICE

kneels, staring up from one door to another, she can't cover them all, she's totally exposed - and what's a dog doing there?

CLARICE
FBI, Catherine, you're safe.

CATHERINE
Safe, SHIT, he's got a gun! Getmeout. GETMEOUT!

CLARICE
You're all right! Where is he?

CATHERINE
GETMEOUT!

CLARICE
I'll get you out! Just be quiet so I can hear. Shut that dog up.
(still swivelling)
Is there a ladder? Is there a rope?

CATHERINE
IDON'TKNOW! GETMEOUT!!

CLARICE
Catherine. Listen to me. I have to find a rope. I have to leave this room, just for a minute, but -

CATHERINE
NOOOOO! You fucking bitch don't you LEAVE ME down here, DON'TYOU-

CLARICE
Shut UP!
(then, louder)
THE OTHER OFFICERS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE NOW!

Ignoring Catherine, whose shouts turn to sobs, she backs away, turns, picks one of the other doorways, moves into it quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW PASSAGEWAY - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

CLARICE'S POV - MOVING - down this passageway, towards a new room... pausing at the doorway, straining to hear... no sound except Catherine's CRYING, now in the b.g., and Clarice's own RAPID BREATHING. Then she crouches - LOWER ANGLE - bursts forward, through the doorframe, sidestepping...

CUT TO:

INT. WORKROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Clarice weaves back and forth, half-crouched, gun out, back to the wall. Her face glistens with sweat, as she takes in...

HER POV - MOVING NERVOUSLY -

Mr. Gumb's sewing machine... his swivel chair... the old Victrola... Big moths are crashing into the light bulbs, overhead; they're everywhere. Suddenly, from just behind her, a CLICK and a HUM, and -

CLARICE

spins, almost shoots, before seeing -

A SMALL REFRIDGERATOR -

with its thermostat just switching ON.

CLARICE

gasps for breath, fighting for calm. She turns again, slashing her free hand at the moths, moving quickly on...

CUT TO:

INT. SKINNING ROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Clarice moves past the mannequins, all of them naked now... then quickly past the huge Chinese armoire, ready to shoot into it. Its doors yawn open; it is empty except for several padded hangers... She moves on, past the big sink, with its DRIPPING faucet... the counter, with its gleaming knives... the rows of chemical jars. At the end of this room is

A CLOSED DOOR

Clarice starts to open it, then hesitates. Looking around, she

seizes a wooden chair, wedges it under the door knob, sealing off this section of the cellar. With her back thus defended, she turns, softly retracing her steps.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Passing again through the workroom, Clarice pauses, seeing a half-curtained door, to one side, that she had previously skirted. She crosses to the door, listens and hears no sound inside, takes a deep breath and reaches for the knob. She twists it, and, as it turns, shoves hard and follows her gun inside, all in one quick move...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (BRIGHTLY LIT)

An old-fashioned bathroom: tiled floor, sink, toilet - and a big, free-standing tub. An opaque shower curtain, suspended from an oval ring, hides whatever might be inside.

CLARICE -

centers her gun on the curtain, at chest height, and yanks it aside with her left hand. No one standing there. Something lower down catches her eye. She leans in, stares more closely, not understanding, at first, that she's seeing -

A FEMALE HAND AND WRIST

sticking up from the tub, which is filled with hard red-purple plaster. The hand is dark and shrivelled, with pink nail polish and a dainty wristwatch. As -

CLARICE

is reacting with horror to this sight, the lights go out, to be replaced, a split-second later, by the eerie green glow of Mr. Gumb's infra-red system. Clarice cries out, turns blindly, reaching for the door, can't find it, free hand clawing desperately into what is, for her, utter darkness. SOUND of Catherine KEENING again, in the far distance. Clarice stumbles, goes to her knees, rights herself, finally clutches the door frame...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S WORKROOM - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

Clarice emerges from the bathroom in a half-crouch, arms out, both hands on the gun, extended just below the level of her unseeing eyes. She stops, listens. In her raw-nerved darkness, every SOUND is unnaturally magnified - the HUM of the refridg-

erator... the TRICKLE of water... her own terrified BREATHING, and Catherine's faraway, echoing SOBS... Moths smack against her face and arms. She eases forward, then stops again, listens... She eases forward again, following her gun, and creeps directly in front of, and then <u>past</u> -

MR. GUMB

who has flattened himself against a wall, arms spread like a high priest, Colt in one hand. He wears his goggles and kimono, and under that - draping down over his naked arms, like some hideous mantle - his terrifying, half-completed suit of human skins. This is an exquisite moment for him - a ritual of supreme exhaltation. He smiles at Clarice as, completely unaware, she moves beyond him, exposing her back. Very slowly and quietly he steps out behind her, taking his gun in both hands, aiming...

CLOSE ON

the Colt Python as - in SLOW MOTION - his thumbs cock the hammer, the SOUND registering as a LOUD METALLIC CLICK, and -

CLARICE

spins, still in SLOW MOTION, <u>flame</u> already leaping from her gun muzzle, as we see -

THE TWO FIGURES

almost at point-blank range, guns ROARING hugely, one FLASH from Mr. Gumb, and onetwothreefour FLASHES from Clarice, overlapping his, and then, as the ECHOES crash deafeningly -

CLOSE ON CLARICE - LOW ANGLE -

with NORMAL SPEED RESTORED, as the side of her face hits the floor, and she is gasping, stunned by the noise and flames; there is blood on her cheek, and an ugly powder burn, but she ignores them, twisting to yank her speedloader from her jacket pocket, locking it blindly onto her gun's cylinder, reloading, right in front of her face, then rolling onto her stomach, aiming her gun upward again, blinking her dazzled eyes, straining to locate him in the darkness... Where is he, <u>where</u>...? Then, as the ECHOES finally fade, she hears something else - a tortured, sucking, WHISTLE from perhaps eight feet away...

MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE

as she crawls forward, on her elbows, following her gun, until it bumps against Mr. Gumb's shoulder. He is lying on his back, chest a bloody mess. She slides her muzzle against his head, hard, but he doesn't move; another shot isn't needed. He stares upwards, through his goggles, bloody lips working. He tries

to speak, but cannot. One hand reaches slowly upwards, the fingers twitching, as if to seize something, overhead... Then a final, ghastly groan, his hand drops, he is dead. Clarice feels for a pulse at his neck, making sure. Then, and only then, does she permit herself to roll over, collapsing onto her back beside him.

OVERHEAD ANGLE -

down at the two faces - intimately close together, like lovers on their pillow. Then, as we PULL SLOWLY AWAY, we see that her staring eyes, and his dead gaze, are both locked onto -

A DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH -

perched on an infra-red bulb, overhead, its wings pumping slowly. SOUND UPCUT - wailing SIRENS, many excited VOICES, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S HOUSE - DUSK

The front porch of the tall Victorian house is bathed in a glare of TV lights, police and ambulance flashers. Cars and vans and even a firetruck choke the street; cops, reporters, EMS workers and curious civilians swarm around the ineffective barricades. The BUZZ of their voices goes even higher as

CLARICE -

dazed, her face bandaged - comes out of the house, walking protectively beside Catherine, who is wheeled on a gurney. They are followed out by uniformed cops, then two firemen with an extension ladder. Catherine, blinking in confusion, is still clutching the little dog, and refuses to give her up even as she's trundled into an ambulance. Clarice sways with exhaustion; everyone seems to be shouting at her at once, pulling her sleeve. She tries to fight free of them, desperate for a familiar face.

AN OHIO HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

pulls up, stops, and Campbell climbs out of the back seat. He makes his way anxiously through the press of bodies, stopping when he sees Clarice.

THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER

for a long moment, Campbell choked with pride for her, with sorrow for her ordeal, with love, but unable to find any words. And then he does.

CAMPBELL
Starling... your father sees you.

And then all at once she is sobbing, her knees giving way, but he is there to catch her, he is hugging her fiercely. HOLD ON them for a long beat.

DIRECTOR BURKE (V.O.)
(over loudspeaker)
Congratulations! You are now officers of the Federal Bureau of Investigation...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GROUNDS OF THE FBI ACADEMY - WEEKS LATER - DAY

The forty members of Clarice's class, resplendent in their best dark suits and dresses, rise, cheering themselves, then turn happily to wave to their audience, as APPLAUSE mounts. Beyond them, on a gaily tented platform, the Director stands behind his podium.

CLARICE AND ARDELIA

look at one another solemnly. Ardelia holds up both fists, in a power shake, and Clarice taps them with her own. She is radiantly beautiful in a navy dress and pearls, the thin scar on her cheek almost healed. Ardelia turns, waving towards the crowd, but Clarice's thoughts are elsewhere. She turns, searching among the dignitaries on the platform, till she locates

CAMPBELL

who smiles back at her with quiet pride, and offers a little salute.

CLARICE

grins - more happy than we've ever seen her - then turns to wave towards the crowd with the others.

MOVING ANGLE

over the admiring sea of spectators, several hundred of them, still rising from their folding chairs, APPLAUDING in celebration of these special young people, this perfect, sunlit day. SOUND UPCUT - rock music, laughter - as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ACADEMY DORM - REC ROOM - THAT NIGHT

A LOUD party is underway - food, beer, dancing - as the new grads celebrate ferociously. Ardelia weaves her way through the crowded room, reaches Clarice, who is flanked by her special guests - Pilcher and Roden, the two ardent scientists. Ardelia has to shout at Clarice over the din.

ARDELIA
Agent Starling! Telephone!

CLARICE
(surprised)
Agent Mapp! Thank you!

She nods to Pilcher, leaves them. Roden, who is quite happily drunk, grabs the startled Ardelia around the waist.

RODEN
Hel-lo, gorgeous! Let's get down.

Ardelia looks at Pilcher, confused.

PILCHER
Just ignore him. He's not a Ph.D.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clarice picks up the dangling pay phone, speaks happily.

CLARICE
Starling.

DR. QUINN (V.O.)
Well, Clarice, have the lambs stopped screaming...?

She freezes, stunned by the familiar voice. Then she turns, waving frantically towards

ARDELIA

who is just inside the rec room door, at the end of the hall, lost in conversation with Pilcher and Roden. Ardelia glances at her briefly but misunderstands, waves cheerfully back.

DR. QUINN (contd., V.O.)
Don't bother with a trace, I won't be on long enough.

CLARICE

turns back, gripping the phone more tightly.

CLARICE
Where are you, Dr. Quinn?

CUT TO:

EXT. A CLEAR NIGHT SKY

Very beautiful, glittering with countless stars.

DR. QUINN (O.S.)
Where I have a view, Clarice...

MOVING DOWN

We see a rolling lawn, a curving bay. Boats ride at anchor, lights shimmering...

DR. QUINN (contd., O.S.)
Orion is looking splendid tonight, and Arcturus, the Herdsman, with his flock...

DR. QUINN

smiles into his mobile phone. He is stretched out on a lounger, on a tiled patio, languidly paring an orange with a penknife. His appearance is quite altered - a beard, glasses, lighter hair. He's had some cosmetic surgery, as well.

DR. QUINN (contd.)
(into phone)
Your lambs are still for now, Clarice, but not forever... You'll have to earn it again and again, this blessed silence. Because it's the plight that drives you, and the plight will never end.

CLARICE (V.O.)
Dr. Quinn -

DR. QUINN
I have no plans to call on you, Clarice, the world being more interesting with you in it. Be sure you extend me the same courtesy.

CLARICE (V.O.)
You know I can't make that promise.

DR. QUINN
Goodbye, Clarice...
(and then, softly)
You looked - so very lovely today, in your blue suit.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Clarice reacts, the full weight of his words sinking in.

CLARICE
Dr. Quinn... Dr. Quinn...!

But only a DIAL TONE comes from the phone. She is still staring at her receiver, in shock, as we -

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE MOONLIT PATIO

Dr. Quinn sighs, sets his phone down, then rises. Popping an orange section into his mouth, he turns towards the brightly lit house. Stepping delicately over the sprawled body of a uniformed security guard, he walks in through open french doors.

CUT TO:

INT. A BOOKLINED STUDY

In a swivel chair, amidst the wreckage of his papers and books, is the writhing figure of Dr. Herbert Prentiss. The extreme intricacy of his bindings recalls Dr. Quinn's own former restraints. His screams are muffled by the tape over his mouth; he stares at *Dr. Quinn like a rabbit trapped in headlights.*

DR. QUINN

considers him for a genial moment, then raises the little penknife. His eyes are twinkling..

DR. QUINN
Well, Dr. Prentiss. Shall we begin?

THE END.